





Ille ego Sum Vates rabido data præda dolori,
Qui Supero Sanos Lusibus atque jocis.
Zenonis Soboles. vultu mala ferre sereno,
Et potuit Cynici libera turba Sophi.
Qui medios inter potuit luisse dolores
Me præter toto nullus in orbe fuit.

Egid. Menagius

SCARRON'S NOVELS.

Viz.

THE FRUITLESS PRECAUTION.

THE HYPOCRITES.

THE INNOCENT ADULTERY.

THE JUDGE IN HIS OWN CAUSE.

THE RIVAL-BROTHERS.

THE INVISIBLE MISTRESS.

THE CHASTISEMENT OF AVARICE.



Rendred into *English*, with some Additions,
by JOHN DAVIES of Kidwelly.

LONDON,
Printed for Thomas Dring, at the George in
Fleet-Street near Cliffords-Inn. 1665.

SCARFORD NOVELS

Vol. 1.

The Tenth Muse's Presentation.

The Hypocrites.

The Innocent Abhorrent.

The Prince and the Peasant.

The Rival-Brothers.

The Investigator.

The Quaker's Son.

THE SCARFORD NOVELS
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCE AND THE PEASANT."

Printed for J. B. Lippincott, 15, N. 2d St., Philadelphia.
1854.



To the most

A C C O M P L I S ' D ,

THOMAS STANLEY
Esq;



T the first coming abroad of the three former of these *Novels* in *English*, they were address'd to you, partly upon this accompt, that they were rendred into that Language at *Cumberlow*, it being but just you should have the Patronage, of what had its birth under your roof. The lightness of the Subject might indeed have deterr'd me, from prefixing before it, a Name, which will challenge veneration,
till

till that of *Philosophy* have lost the respect due to it; and the world be re-involv'd in Ignorance and Barbarism : but my presumption on the kindnesses you were pleas'd to have for me, and the earnestness I had to make some publick acknowledgment of my extraordinary obligations to you, overcame that difficulty.

When the Books of the *former* Edition were nigh spent, and that I was call'd upon, to provide for another, it was again my fortune, after almost two years retirement in *Wales*, to come to your House, where I had the opportunity, to review what was printed, and make what additions I could thereto, out of the same Author's works. So that the same reason, which I had, at first, to make, obliges me to continue, the Dedication of these Pieces to you; but with this advantage now, that I am the less solicitous of their fate, since the entertainment, some of them have already found, is such; as hath encourag'd the Book-seller to venture at a *Second Impression*.

But if these were not sufficient, I have several other motives, which would not suffer

suffer me to decline the doing of what I am now upon, but particularly one, whence I derive the greatest satisfaction imaginable, which is, that, by this Address, all those who love, that is, all who know you, will be assur'd, of your having o'rcome a Sickness, which begat a general report of your death.

And this reflection, me-thinks, may well dispence a little, with my retreat into the style of the antient Dedicatories, which were commonly concluded with wishes and prayers. Mine are, at the present, that, for some time yet, we may not have the occasion to bemoan the loss of so precious a life as yours ; That the Health you have so happily recover'd may have an uninterrupted continuance for many years ; And when you are cloy'd with the enjoyments and happiness of this world, (which, as you are wont to express it, consist in these three words, *wife, Children, Friends*) you may, by the attendance of those Learned men, whose Labours all subsequent Ages will be oblig'd to, be convey'd into the joys and blifs of another. And I doubt not of my having, after so long acquaintance, so much credit

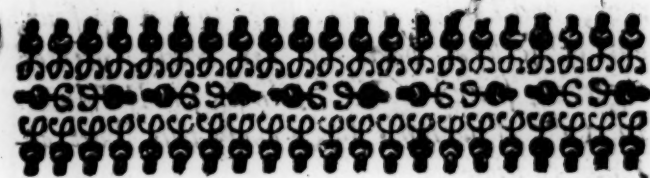
credit with you, as that, when I am devour,
you will believe me sincere, and, conse-
quently, that these are the hearty wishes
of,

HONOURED SIR,

*Your most humble and
most obliged Servant,*

J. DAVIES.

The



THE PREFACE,

Giving an Accompt of the
Author of these *Novels*,
some of his other Works,
and his Person.



*THE three former of these
Novels were printed here
some four or five years
since, and so well receiv'd,
that the scarcity of them
soon call'd upon the Book-
seller for a second Impressi-
on. This kind entertainment thereof put me
upon an enquiry, what there might be more,
A of*

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of the same kind, written by the same Author, and I have made a Shift to pick up four, out of several parts of his Works, printed together, since his Death, in six small Volumes in 12°. of which I have onely this short account to give.

Of the Six, there are onely two Volumes in Prose, whereof one, he entitles *Le Roman Comique*, or, *The Comical Romance*. It is a description of the Lives of certain Country-Comedians, and other people, of several Conditions; but done, with such a natural smartness, as very few Authors have been so happy as to arrive to, and he does not bring any upon the Stage, to whom there happen not some very pleasant adventures. To this it may be added, that it is written in a stile particular to this Author, whose inclination to raillery is so much the more remarkable, in that he could not forbear it, even in those relations, wherein he was himself concern'd.

I am inform'd, that, some years since, a Person of Quality made it his recreation, to render part of that divertive Romance into English, translating not onely the Work, but also the Scene, out of France into England: and no doubt but the design would have taken infinitely

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infinitely well, had it been prosecuted. But ere he had compleated his Work, the Scene of our English Affairs was miraculously chang'd, from Anarchy to Monarchy; and that Person being highly engag'd in the Transactions happening upon his Majesty's happy Restauration, there was such a Stop put to what he had done therein, that it hath remain'd imperfect ever since: whence it may well be guess'd, there is somewhat in it so far transcending ordinary Translation, that no other Hand durst attempt it.

Out of this Romance, whereof there are now two parts extant in French, I have taken three of the Newly-printed Novels; to wit,

The Judge in his own Cause;
The Rival-Brothers; and
The Invisible Mistress.

'Tis a thousand pitties, that the Author hath, prevented by Death, left the Work imperfect; so that we are, and ever shall be, at a loss, to know, what period he might bring so many noble Adventures to. Had he compleated it, we should have found, whether he could have given his principal Heroe a more honourable Exit, than to make it, on a Gibbet,

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at Pontoise, as he was wont to say himself, and may be seen in a Dedicatory of his to the *Abbot Menagius*, and *Monsieur Sarrazin*, before a little Piece in Verse, entituled, A true Relation of what happened between the Poets and the Destinies, upon the Death of Monsieur de Voiture.

His other Works, in Prose, are onely these **NOVELS**, and some **LETTERS**, which being but few, and those so particular about his own occasions and necessities, there will not be much worth the Translation into English. Among these was found the last Novel; to wit,

The Chastisement of Avarice.

All the rest of his works are Poetry, in four Volumes; two, of Plays, Fragments of Plays, Epistles, &c. One, of Poems, upon several occasions; and the last, containing eight Books of the *Æneids*, in Burlesque, under the title of, *Le Virgile Travesty*; in which kind of Writing lay his chiefest excellency: but all together may justly secure him the title of the smartest, and most pleasant Writer of this last Age.

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As to his Person, the account we have to give of it, is deriv'd, partly from what he hath deliver'd himself, and partly from the Character given him by his Friends. What we have from himself happen'd upon this occasion. The fore-mentioned Piece dedicated to Menagius and Sarrazin, being in the Press, there chanc'd to be some vacant Pages, whereupon the Book-seller intreating Monsieur Scarron, to bethink himself of some thing to fill them up, (for the humour of doing it with Catalogues of other Books, it seems, was not much in vogue in France) he gave him the ensuing Description of himself, at the beginning whereof, there was a Brass-cut, wherein he was represented sitting in a great Chair, with his back towards the Beholders, and five women on the one side, and four on the other, as it were to represent the nine Muses. I shall here give the said Description, just as if I had the same occasion to do it as my Author had.

TO THE
READER,

Who never saw me.

REader, who never saw'st me, and haply are not much troubled at it, out of conceit, that there is little to be gotten by the sight of such a person as I am, know, that, for my part, I should have been as indifferent, as thou art, whether I were seen by thee or not, if I had not been inform'd, that some, very ingenious Persons, make my misery their sport, and give a description of me quite different from what I am. Some say, that, if I could be capable of any motion, it would not be much unlike that of those exemplary Cripples, who go on their Hands and Britch; others affirm I have no Thighs, and that, being set on the Table in a Box, purposely made for me, I there fall a prating like an one-ey'd Parrat: And others y^t are so pleasant, as to say, that, my Hat being ty'd to the end of a Cord, which runs through

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through a Pully fasten'd to the Roof of my Chamber, I, having the other end of the said Cord in my hands (which it seems I must not be able to lift up to my head) make a shift, to raise up, and let it fall, to salute those who come to visit me.

I conceive my self therefore oblig'd in conscience, to give a check to these calumnies, that the World may at length be undeceiv'd, and to that end, have I caus'd the Plate, which thou maist see at the beginning of this Preface, to be graven. I doubt not, Reader, but thou wilt grumble, (for grumbling is very natural to all Readers, and I am inclin'd to it my self, as well as others, when I am a Reader) thou wilt grumble, I say, and quarrel at me, that thou hast not a sight of my fore-part. To satisfy thee, know, that it is not out of any irreverence, or want of civility, that I turn my back-side to the Company, but for this reason, that the convexity of my Back is fitter to receive an inscription, than the concavity of my Breast, which is over-shadow'd by the pendency of my Head, and that by that side, as well as the other, a Man may take a survey of the Site, or rather, the irregular platform of my Person. Without any imagination, that the

The Preface.

world should think it self oblig'd by such a Present (for, by the Nine Gentle-Lasses that stand about me, I never hop'd my Head would ever become the Original of a Medal) I would have had my Picture drawn, if any Painter durst have attempted it. For want of that, take this account of my Person.

I am somewhat above thirty years of age, as thou maist see by the back of my chair. If I live to forty, I shall make a great addition of miseries, to those I have already suffer'd, within these eight or nine years. I was of a passable stature, though somewhat below the middle size; but my diseases have shortned it by a foot and better. My head is somewhat of the biggest, considering my stature. My face is pretty full, and plump, compar'd to the Skeleton I am thence downwards. I am so well furnish'd with hair, that I need wear no Periwig, and much of it is turn'd grey, in spite of the Proverb. My sight is good enough, though my eyes somewhat larger than they should be: they are blem, and one of them more sunk into my head than the other. My nose stands well enough. My teeth, sometimes so many pearls, are

now

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now of a colour between black and blew. I have lost one and a half on the left side, and two and a half on the right, and I have two a little broken. My legs and thighs made at first an obtuse, then an equal, and at last, an acute angle. My thighs and my body making another, and my head hanging down over my breast; I am a certain representative or Hieroglyphick of the Letter Z. My arms are contracted as well as my legs, and my fingers as well as my arms. In a word, I am a certain contraction or Epitome of humane misery.

Thus much as to my figure; and since I am so far in my way, I will give thee a slight touch of my humour. 'Tis more than I promis'd; but, to deal freely with thee, Reader, take notice, that this Preface is design'd onely to swell the Book, upon the importunity of the Seller, whose fear it was, he should not save himself by the Impression. Were it not for that, it would be to as little purpose as many others are. But this is not the first time, that some people shew themselves fools, out of compliance with others, besides the fooleries they are guilty of upon their own account.

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As to my humour then; I am to confess, that I am somewhat cholerick, a lover of good meat, and inclin'd to sloath. I often call my Man fool or coxcomb, and presently after, Sir, and Monsieur. I have no body, God grant others have the same kindness for me. I am very glad when I have money, and would be much more, if I had my health. I am merry enough in company, and not much unsatisfi'd, when I am alone. I endure my miseries patiently enough. And now I think my Preface is long enough, and that it is time I should make an end of it.

So far the Author's description of himself, upon the occasion before mentioned. what we have from his friends is before his Virgil Travesty, consisting of certain Papers of Verses before that Piece, whereof some being in French, some in Latine, we shall cull out onely the Latine Copies, as more particularly describing his Person and Indispositions.

In



*In Gallicam Scarronis Æ-
neidem ludicro carmine
scriptam.*

DEbile *Scarronis* corpus, contractaq;
membra,

Indomitus vexat nocte diéque dolor.

Hinc caput obliquâ primum cervice fatiscit,

Nec licet obtutus tollere ad alstra suos.

Utque manus premit innocuas cruciatque
chiragra,

Sic secat immeritos sæva podagra pedes.

Et malè nodosos macies depascitur artus,

Tabidâque arefcens vix regit ossa cutis.

Torqueris leviùs volvendo, Sisyphæ, saxo;

Quique renascenti pectore pascis avem.

Et tamen in mediis ridere doloribus audet,

Nec miserum læti deseruere joci.

Ridiculum Æneam, Troas, Danaosq; facetus,

Insolitâ Gallis arte, Poëta facit.

Oblectant animos, non jam naufragia terrent,

Italia que finxit, Vate Marone, Clio.

Festivè

Festivè ventique ruunt, atq; æquora versant,
Jucundè Phrygias & quatit unda rates.
Et supplex precibus superos dicacibus orat
Naufragus, & grato cum sale naura perit.
Nec flenda ingentis modo sunt incendia
Trojæ;

Hæc possint Priamo sic placuisse seni.
Ipsa quoque in Tencros jocularis concipit
iras

Altisoni conjux, Juno, sororque Jovis.
Tam benè qui ludit, dum toto corpore, lan-
guens,

Deficit, innumeris obruiturque malis:
Vel certè humanâ Deus est sub imagine
Scarro,

Ingenio pollet vel propiore Dei.

C. FERAMUS.

In

*In Æneida Mimicam &
jocosam Pauli Scarronis.*

COrpore Scarra æger, sed cui ridere de-
corum,
Phoebus, Amor, Charites, & Venus ipsa
dedit.
Gratum opus urbanis, Urbanæ Æneidos
Auctor,
Transtulit in lepidos Arma Virumque
jocos.

ATTICUS SECUNDUS.

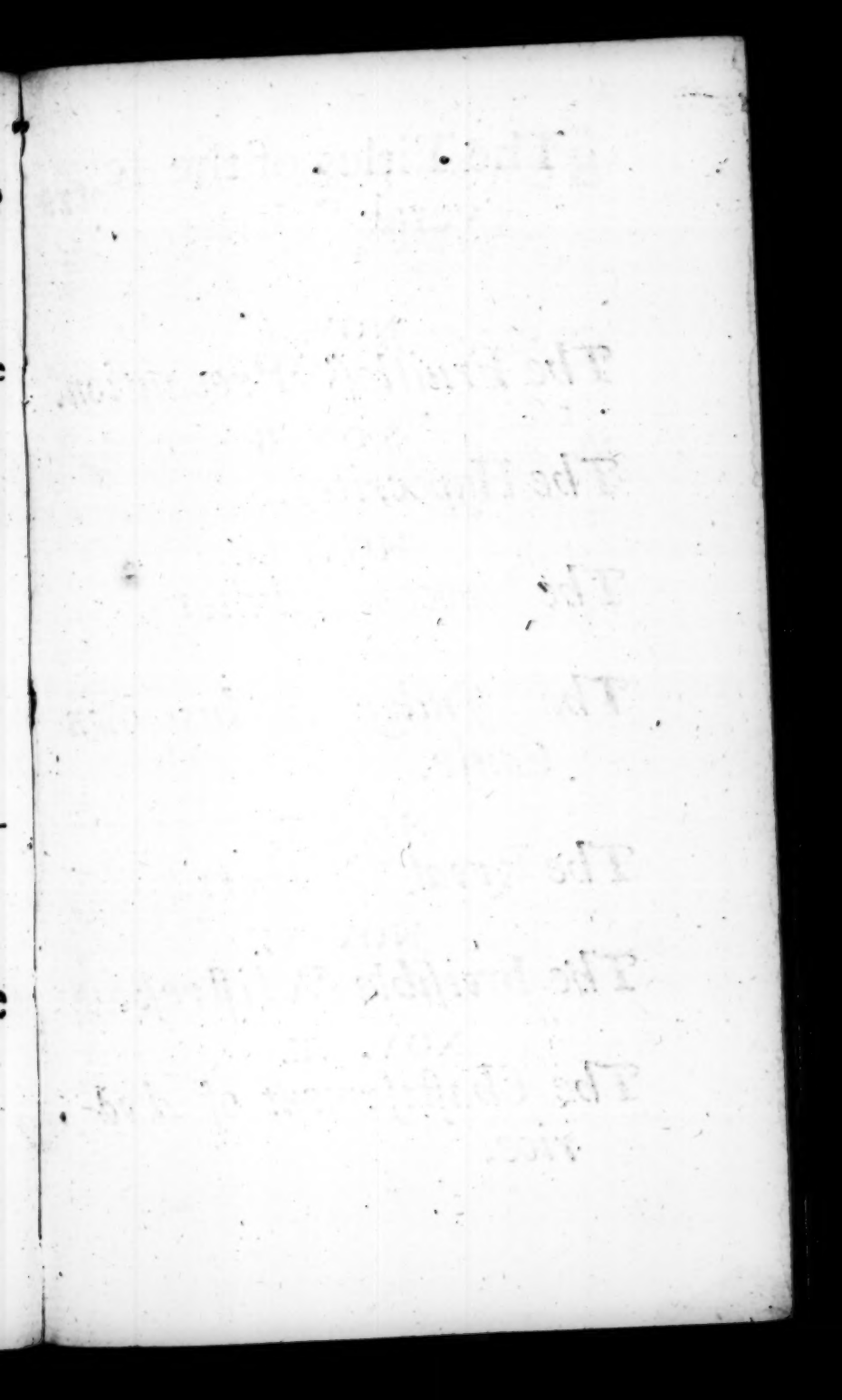
In

SCARRONI ex Patre
Nepoti.

SI punctum omne tulit, qui miscuit utile
dulci,
Ludendo scribens seria quid meruit ?
Virgilii miranda legens ridere jubetur ;
Hoc debet, *Scarro*, Gallica Musa, tibi.

urb. Scarron Patruus.

The



The Titles of the several *Novels*.

NOV. I.

The Fruitless Precaution.

NOV. II.

The Hypocrites.

NOV. III.

The Innocent Adultery.

NOV. IV.

The Judge in his own Cause.

NOV. V.

The Rival-Brothers.

NOV. VI.

The Invisible Mistress.

NOV. VII.

The Chastisement of Avarice.



SCARRON'S
NOVELS.

THE
FRUITLESS PRECAUTION.

The First Novel.



Gentleman of Granada, whose true name I shall forbear to discover, and on whom I will bestow that of *Don Pedro of Casteele, Aragon, and Toledo*, or what you please, since that a glorious name in a *Romance* costs no more than another, (which is haply the reason that the *Spaniards*, not content with their own, ever give themselves of the most illustrious, nay hardly

P. B. 33.

fit

a: a.

fit down with one :) this Gentleman, I say, (now *Don Pedro*) being arriv'd at the twentieth year of his age, lost both Father and Mother, and by their death came to a very great estate : all which happening to the same person contributes very much to his miscarriage if he be born a fool ; but, if nature hath been more indulgent to him, puts him into a capacity of improving himself to some esteem in the world. During the year of his mourning, he very prudently wean'd himself from most part of the diversifements, which persons of his age are ordinarily addicted to, and busied himself in looking into the posture of his estate, and putting his affairs into a good order. He was a very graceful person, of an excellent wit, and behav'd himself, in his youth, with a prudence and conduct such as might have become grey hairs. There was not in *Granada* any Lady who would not gladly have had him to her husband, nor any Father so prepossess'd with the deserts of his daughter, as not to wish him his Son-in-law. Of the Beauties in *Granada*, which stood in competition for the Monarchy of hearts, one onely there was able to captivate that of *Don Pedro*. Her name was *Seraphina*, beautiful indeed as a Seraphin, young, rich, well descended, and, in a word, though of a fortune somewhat below that of *Don Pedro's*, yet a person as well accomplish'd to make a wife, as he a husband. He made no question, but that upon the first proposal of marriage made to her Friends, he should obtain their consent to become her Servant : but he chose rather to gain her by his own worth and desert, than their compliance, and resolv'd to court her with all the passion, submissions, and services imaginable, so to make

make a conquest of her heart, before he became possessor of her person.

His design was noble, and might accordingly have prov'd more successful, if Fortune, who is, many times, maliciously pleas'd to disturb things manag'd with the greatest conduct and circumspection, had not rais'd him a Rival, who was become Master of the place he would have taken, while he was but yet making his first approaches. His name we have here little to do with, he was much about the age of *Don Pedro*, perhaps as lovely as he, and without doubt much more belov'd.

It was not long ere *Don Pedro* perceiv'd he had a Competitor, and was not much troubled at it, as having the advantage of him in point of estate. He was at the charge of Musick in the street where his Mistress liv'd; his Rival had the pleasure of it in her Chamber, and haply receiv'd more than ordinary kindnesses from her, while poor *Don Pedro's* teeth shatter'd in his head. At last he grew weary of hunting the bars, I mean, of the charge and inconveniences of that kind of Courtship, without making any progress in his business: Yet so as this ill success caus'd not any remission of his Love, but onely made him quit the design he had to be too prodigal of his addresses to his Mistress, before he had obtain'd her of her Friends. He therefore went and demanded her of them, and they very liberally gave their consent he should have her, without ever advising with, or communicating the business to, their daughter; out of an excess of joy, to be intreated, to do what they earnestly desir'd, and indeed durst hardly hope. They soon after acquainted *Seraphina* with the good fortune that came to

court her, and prepar'd her to entertain the addresses of *Don Pedro*, and, within a few days, to marry him. The news, which she should have receiv'd with joy, rais'd in her no small disturbance; insomuch, that, not able to smother the loss she was at, she hardly made a shift to conceal the occasion thereof from them, by persuading them it proceeded from the affliction, it would be to her, to part with those, for whom she had so dutiful an affection. She acted her part so handsomely, that, out of pure tenderness, the old people could not forbear tears, nor commending the good nature of their daughter. She us'd all the intreaties she could to persuade them to put off the marriage for four or five months, representing to them, that the decay of her health was visible in her countenance; and pressing, that, if ever she married, it might not be till she had recover'd her perfect health, to the end she might be in a better disposition to please her husband, lest he might take any occasion to be dissatisfi'd with her, in the dawning of their marriage, and repent of his choice.

Now whereas it was indeed true, that for some time before she seem'd nor to have her health as she was wont, her Friends were well satisfi'd with what she had said to them, and gave an account of it to *Don Pedro*, who also had nothing to except against it, as conceiving it argu'd the discretion of his Mistress. Nevertheless, they thought it not amiss to put things in order, as to the contract of marriage, and the settlement to be made thereupon.

But though things were brought to this pass, the amorous *Don Pedro* omitted not any of those
Expressions

Expressions of Gallantry and Courtship, expected in the carrying on of a Match with consent of all parties. He sent his Mistress many presents, and writ to her every day. She on the other side return'd him such answers as were at least very civil, though they betray'd much less of passion than was visible in his Letters. But she would not by any means be seen in the day time, excusing her self by reason of her indisposition; nay in the evenings was seldom seen at her window, which rais'd in *Don Pedro* a great admiration of her reserv'dness. He was better conceited of his own worth than any way to question the success of his applications, or doubt his being deeply in the favour of his Mistress; when he should be better known to her than he was, even though she might have had an aversion for him before she knew him.

His affairs hitherto went on smoothly without any rub; but, on a suddain, it happen'd that he could not get a sight of his Mistress in four or five days. He was extremely troubled at it, or at least pretended it; he writ verses upon that occasion, or, it may be, hired, or bought some, and caus'd them to be sung under her window: but notwithstanding these great attempts of a most passionate Lover, all he could do was to speak with one of the Chamber-maids, who told him, that his Mistress was much sicker than she had been. His Poerick vein swell'd at this account of her, or, if not his, that of his mercenary Poet must breathe and bleed for it: for I could never be truly inform'd whether he himself had any gift in rhiming. Having got what he had, set to some doleful tune, and loaden, besides his offensive and defensive arms, with a

Guitarre, (which I am apt to believe was the best the City could afford) he took his way very boisterously towards his Mistress's, either to move her to compassion, or to set the dogs thereabouts barking. 'Tis not unlikely he should have done one of the two, or both together, and yet it so happen'd he did neither.

Being come within fifty paces short of the blessed mansion of his Divinity, he perceives the door open, and a woman coming out, who seem'd much like his almost-invisible Angel. He could not imagine what should oblige a Woman, all alone, and at such a time of the night, to enter, of set purpose, into a great desolate building, destroy'd not long before by a fire that had happen'd. To find out what the matter should be, he walk'd round about those ruins, into which there were several ways to get in, so, with as much convenience as he could, to get near the person whom he had follow'd in thither. It came into his imagination, that it might be his Mistress who had appointed his Rival a meeting in that strange place; as not daring to be seen at her house, and haply unwilling to have any third person privy to an action, which it concern'd him so much to be kept secret; and if what he did as yet but onely suspect, should prove true, his inviolable resolution was to be the death of his Rival, and to be reveng'd of *Seraphina*, by loading her with the greatest reproaches he could think on. He thereupon crawl'd along with as little noise as he could, till he came to a place whence he saw her (for it was she) sitting upon the ground, bemoaning her self, as a person ready to give up the ghost, or what signifies little less (to give it you
in

in a word) in Labour, and with inexpressible pain, upon the delivery of a little creature, in the making whereof she had haply taken a great deal of pleasure. She no sooner saw her self disburthen'd, but deriving strength from her courage, she return'd the same way she came, without taking any further thought, what should become of the Child she had brought into the world.

I leave you to judge what astonishment *Don Pedro* was in at this strange accident. Now was he satisfi'd what was the true cause of his Mistress's sickness: he was a little frighted at the danger he was likely to have fallen into, and made his acknowledgment to Heaven, that he had escap'd it. And being of a noble and generous disposition, he would not be reveng'd of one that had put such a treacherous trick upon him, to the dishonour of an illustrious Family, nor in his just resentment suffer the innocent little creature to perish, which he saw at his feet expos'd to the mercy of the first dog or swine that had come that way. He took it up in his handkerchief, for want of something else to wrap it in, and, with as much haste as he could, went to a Midwife of his acquaintance, to whose care he recommended the Child he put into her hands, and gave her money to buy all things necessary for it. The Midwife, well paid, did what might have been expected from her, insomuch that the very next day, the Child was put out to nurse, christned, and (proving a girl) named *Laura*.

In the interim, *Don Pedro* went to see a certain Kinswoman of his, one in whom he repos'd very much confidence: he told her that he had chang'd

the design he had of marrying so young into that of travelling, entreated her to take upon her the management of his estate, and to entertain into her house a little Girl, whom he made her believe was his own, to be very liberal in what concern'd her education, and, for certain reasons, which she should one day know, as soon as she were three years old, to put her into a Nunnery, and above all things to take order that she should have no acquaintance with the things of this world. He gave his kinswoman Letters of Atturney, and what else was necessary for her management of his estate, furnish'd himself with money and jewels; got a trusty servant; and, before he left *Granada*, writ a Letter to *Seraphina*. She receiv'd it much about the time that she was acquainting her Friends, that her sickness would not any longer delay her marriage: but *Don Pedro's* Letter, wherein he discover'd what he knew of her condition, fill'd her with other thoughts. And those were wholly directed towards God, insomuch that, not long after, she went into a Nunnery, never to come out again, it being not in the power of her Friends, with all their entreaties and tears, to divert her from that resolution, which they thought so much the more strange, the more they were to seek what the motives of it should be.

But we will leave them bewailing their daughter, now turn'd Nun: Her, on the other side, bewailing her own miscarriage; the little *Laura* growing up, and blooming forth; and overtake *Don Pedro* upon his way to *Sevil*, not able to divert his thoughts from running upon the adventure that had happen'd to him, and thereupon entertaining a cruel aversion

aversion against marriage, after his having so great a desire to taste of it. All the women he meets he is frightened at, and without any reflection that, as well as men, there are some good, some bad among them, he concludes with himself, that a man must ever be distrustful of them, and much more of those who pretend to wit, than the simple; being apt enough to embrace their opinion, who hold that a woman knows more than she ought, if she knows any thing beyond what belongs to House-keeping, and the bringing up of her Children.

Embracing these Heresies with some persuasion, he enters *Sevil*, and went to the house of *Don John* ----- (His name is quite out of my head) a rich man, and a person of quality, who was not onely his Kinsman, but much his Friend, and so kind as that he would not suffer him to lodge any where else. The pleasantness of *Sevil* raised in him an inclination to make a longer stay there than he thought to have done: which his Cousin *Don John* perceiving, and wishing his divertisement yet greater than it was, spent some time in shewing him whatever that place afforded that were any thing rare or considerable.

One day, as they were riding through one of the principal Streets of the City, they saw, in a Coach that went into a great persons house, a young Lady, habited like a Widow; but so handsome, so attractive, that *Don Pedro* was surprized at her beauty, and made *Don John* laugh to hear the exclamations and oaths he made, that he had never seen any thing comparable to her in his Life. This angelical Widow reconciled to his favour all those of the female Sex, whom *Seraphina* had made

made abominable in his apprehension. He intreated *Don John* to ride once more through the same Street, and acknowledg'd to him, that ever so little more sight of her had really wounded him.

" 'Tis more than needed, replied *Don John*; for, if I
 " am not much mistaken, you are so far wounded
 " as requires some remedy. Ah, Cousin, says *Don*
 " *Pedro* to him, I think I may confidently tell you,
 " that I should esteem my self very happy, might
 " I pass away my days with so excellent a person.
 " Nay, if you take that course, replies *Don John*,
 " and make such haste as you do, you may soon
 " come to your journey's end, and be master of the
 " happiness you propose to your self. Not but
 " that such an enterprize must needs be difficult,
 " *Elvira* is a person of quality, and very rich, her
 " beauty is such as you have observed it, her virtue
 " not inferiour, and for the space of two years
 " that she hath been a Widow, the wealthiest fortunes in *Andalusia* have not raised in her any
 " motions to change her condition. But a person
 " of your endowments and excellencies may conquer that which others have not been able to
 " stand against. She is a Kinswoman of my Wives,
 " and I sometimes visit her. I shall, if you please,
 " acquaint her with your inclinations, and I am the
 " more apt to hope my negotiation may prove
 " effectual, in regard I have the honour to see her
 " in her Balcony which is over against us, a favour
 " not ordinary from a Lady so reserv'd, since she
 " might as well shut up her own jealousies and her
 " windows together, and so make us be laugh'd at
 " after all our gallantry.

With which words both the Cavaliers made each

each of them an obeisance to the *Spanish Lady*, which it cost them no small pains to acquit themselves well of. But particularly *Don Pedro* did his with such contorsion and violence to his whole body, that a little more he had injur'd his reins. The Lady in the Balcony return'd them one not much to be found fault with, which engag'd *Don Pedro* and his companion to revy it with two others;

*But seeing the Sun from th' Balcony was gone,
They thought it full time to depart,
One went away well, and as sound as a Bell,
But the other was struck to the heart.*

" Ah! Cousin, says *Don Pedro* to *Don John*, what
" probability is there that a stranger should storm a
" heart that hath stood out the assaults of all the
" best and noblest Champions as to quality and
" desert that *Sevil* affords? But, continued he,
" since the little hope I have of obtaining her fa-
" vour is enough to occasion my death, it will
" come but all to one, if I hazard my Life upon her
" denials and disdains. Let me therefore, dear
" Cousin, intreat you to speak to her, as soon as
" possibly you can, and press not to her so much
" the greatness of my quality or estate, as the vio-
" lence of my passion.

Don Pedro was so over head and ears in love, that he could not speak of any thing else, in so much, that his Cousin perceiv'd the greatest kindness he could do him, was, to speak with the soonest to *Elvira*. He did it, and that with good success. The fair Widow entertain'd so kindly the Proposition he made on the behalf of his Friend, that she discover'd

discover'd rather a satisfaction, than any displeasure thereat. But, in Answer thereto, she told him, that having made a vow she would not hear of any addresses in order to a second Marriage till three years were expired after her former Husband's death, no consideration in the world should prevail with her to break it. She added further, that out of an exact observance of what she had promised the memory of her late Husband, she had till then behaved her self inflexibly towards all those that had made their addresses to her ; and that if *Don Pedro* had so much command of himself as to continue his devotions to her for the space of one whole year , during which time they might become better acquainted one with another, she would promise never to be any man's Wife but his.

Don John, upon his return, gave *Don Pedro* an account of his negotiation, and render'd him the most satisfied and most amorous man in the world. The long time he was to expect troubled him not at all, resolving to employ it in all manner of courtships, worthy archievements, and adventures, besitting a spruce Lover. He bought a Coach and Horses, took a House, and entertain'd Servants, set the Embroiderers and Tailors of *Sevil* a sewing, and the Musicians a singing. He would have presented *Elvira* with some things ; but she would by no means permit it. Her Maids were much more easily intreated, and received his Presents as willingly as he bestow'd them. In a short time, *Elvira's* Servants were more at his devotion than at hers , they causing her to shew her self in the Balcony, though much against her humour, as
often

often as *Don Pedro* was singing in the Street ; in which employment, as I have been told, he was grown to be a Crafts-master, not making use of his lips and tongue to quaver out the notes as many good Singers do.

Six Monerhs were already past since *Don Pedro* had laid a Siege to the affections of *Elvira*, yet had not the least private Parley with her ; which added daily more and more to the esteem and devotion he had for her. At last, upon an importunity of Prayers and Presents, one of her Gentlewomen, better stored with confidence than any of the rest, or rather better brib'd, promised to bring him in the night-time to her Lady's Lodgings, and so to dispose of him as that he should see her put off her cloaths before she went to bed, walking in her Smock about the chamber for coolness, and singing and playing upon the Lute, which she did admirably well.

This took *Don Pedro* so highly, that he gave his Intelligencer much beyond what he had promised her ; so that, night being come, the bold Granadine, according to the Gentlewoman's directions, comes into *Elvira's* house, slunk into her lodgings, and there, from a little ascent, which was over against her chamber-door, he saw her sitting on a couch, reading in a Prayer-book, how attentively I know not, while her women were undressing her. She had onely a thin loose coat about her, and was upon getting into bed when *Don Pedro's* Pension-Gentlewoman, desirous to give him cause to be as much satisfied with her as she with him, entreats her Mistress to sing. To her's, her Companions added their intreaties ; yet *Elvira* put them off a long

long time, telling them, she was melancholy, nay, assuring them she had some reason to be so: but the Gentlewoman who was so much at the devotion of *Don Pedro*, having put a Lute into her Mistress's hands, *Elvira* had the compliance to sing, and did it with so much excellency and delight, that *Don Pedro* could hardly forbear casting himself at her feet, there to act the part of the ecstatick Lover. She sung not long, but went to bed: her Women withdrew into their chambers, and *Don Pedro*, who would gladly have gotten into the Street, was at a cruel loss what to do when he found the great Gate fast. There was no other course to be taken, than to expect till it were day. He sat down on the brink of a Well which was at one corner of the Court, in no small disturbance, by reason of the fear he was in of being discovered, and to incur the displeasure of his Mistress, for his presumption.

While he was thus engaged, his thoughts running upon thousands of designs, and those attended by so many fruitless wishes, he perceives a Door opening that belonged to some part of *Elvira's* Lodgings. He turn'd toward that side on which he heard the noise, and was much at a loss to see coming into the Court the fair Widow whom he thought fast asleep. By the light of a small Wax-candle she had in her hand, he perceiv'd her night-cloaths were very near about her head; that she was bare-neck'd, had an excellent Neck-face of Pearl on, and that upon her Smock, about which was abundance of Lace, she had onely a long rich Mantle. She had in her hand a Silver-plate cover'd with Jelly, Sweet-meats, and Conserve; and

in that strange posture she was so full of charm and attraction, that *Don Pedro* was once in a mind to satisfy himself with the enjoyment of looking on her, though he should thereby draw on himself all the displeasure, which a presumption so great might justly deserve. But upon better thoughts he hid himself behind the Wall, yet so as that he still observ'd his Mistress, flattering himself sometimes with an imagination, that he was the person she sought after. She went on towards the Stable, whither *Don Pedro*, at a distance, follow'd her, and saw her go into a little Chamber. The first apprehension he had, was, that his Mistress, out of an excess of pious charity, went to visit some servant of the House that was sick, though, without any prejudice to her charitable inclinations, she might have put that employment upon some one of her women. He hid himself behind a horse, which stood not far from the door of the Chamber, and thence observing his dear Widow, he saw her set down, on a little Table, the Candlestick, the Plate, and whatever else she had brought that was burthensome to her Ivory hands; and perceiv'd, in a bed which took up almost all the Chamber, a Blackamore that was sick, who seem'd to be about thirty years of age, but so deformed, and of so dreadful a look, that he was in a manner frightned at the sight of him. His meagre countenance, and the painful emission of his breath argu'd him very sick and much spent. *Don Pedro* could not but admire the unparallel'd goodness of the fair *Elvira*, who took up the Negro's coverlet, and having thrust up his head, sat down by the sick person, and put her hand on his fore-head, all wet, haply with the

the sweats and pains of approaching death. The Negro beheld, with a gashly look, the charitable Angel that came to comfort him, and who still view'd him with tears in her eyes. *Don Pedro* knew not what he should think of a charity so transcendent, and having for a while admir'd it, he began to think it excessive : but as yet he had not seen any thing.

At last, the fair Widow breaking forth into discourse, yet weeping as if it had been at the taking of a final farewell, she ask'd the Negro, How he did.

" My dear Anthony, said she to him with a voice
 " interrupted by sobs, Art thou then resolv'd to
 " dy, and, with thy own, to be my death too? Thou
 " speak'st not to me, my dearest; take heart, my
 " soul, take heart, if thou desirest I should live, and
 " eat a little of this jelly, for my sake. Thou dost
 " not vouchsafe so much as to look on me, cruel
 " man; not on me, who love thee, who adore
 " thee; kiss me, my Angel, kiss me, and recover
 " thy health, if thou wouldst not have my com-
 " pany to Death, after I had so much lov'd thee
 " whil'st thou hadst any Life.

To this effect were her expostulations, joyning her angelical face to the diabolical countenance of the Moor, which she bedew'd with her tears. I am apt to imagine that who ever had seen such a Vision, would have taken it for an Angel embracing a Devil. As for our *Don Pedro*, he began to think his fair *Elvira* as ugly as her Negro, who at last casting his eyes on his importunate Mistress, whom he had not till then vouchsaf'd a look, and with his scraggy hand removing her face from his own, said to her, with a hollow voice; " What would

" you

“you have of me, Madam, and why will you not
 “let me die in quiet? Do you not think it enough
 “that you have reduc’d me to the condition I am
 “in? or do you expect I should, at the point of
 “death, sacrifice the few minutes I have left, to
 “the satisfaction of your insatiable inclinations?
 “Take a Husband, Madam, take a Husband, and
 “expect no more from me. I shall not see you any
 “more; nor taste of what you have brought me; all
 “my business now is onely to die, since I am not
 “good for any thing but the grave.

Having so said, he slunk down into the bed, so suddenly, that the unfortunate *Elvira* could not get a word from him by way of return, notwithstanding all the kindnesses both of words and gestures she us’d towards him; whether it were that he was already dead, or obstinately resolv’d, not to speak to a person whom he thought the occasion of his death. *Elvira*, melted into tears, and in a manner out of her self, to see what a sad condition she left her dear Negro in, and most of all to consider his inhumanity towards her, took up all she had brought with her, and return’d to her chamber, with so much sadness and affliction in her countenance, that it was much to her loss, she had not been seen in that posture by her apostate Lover, *Don Pedro*.

He in the mean time lay close and undiscover’d, in the most obscure part of the stable, so astonish’d as that he had not been half as much, when he was present at the happy delivery of *Seraphina*. He saw the counterfeited Matron returning to her chamber, disconsolate as a Widow at the Funeral of a Husband she dearly lov’d; and, not long after, finding the great gate open, he got into the

street, not much solicitous whether he were seen or not, as not esteeming the reputation of *Elvira* worthy the least tenderness or respect. Yet even in that did he follow the dictates of his own virtue, so far as that he discover'd not what he had seen even to his Friend. He pass'd by *Elvira's* door the next day just as the Moor was carried out to his burial. Her Woman told him, that she was sick, and for the space of four or five days that he pass'd to and fro that way, she was not to be seen at her window, so incapable was she of any consolation upon the death of the African. *Don Pedro* was much desirous to hear from her. One day as he was in discourse with *Don John*, a slave of *Elvira's* brought him a Letter from her Mistress. He open'd it with some impatience, and read in it what you are like to do, if you please.

A LETTER.

Two persons, between whom there is a mutual affection in order to marriage, need no third person to sollicit the business between them. You would have me believe, that you think me not unhandsome, and I cannot but acknowledge I am so far taken with you, as that I am willing to grant you immediately, what I had not promis'd till a year were expir'd. My Person and Estate are at your disposal, when you please to command them; and I am to desire you to believe, that though I cannot be too circumspect in a business of this nature, yet your merit
and

and my own affection shall be my security, and enable me to overcome what difficulties soever I may meet with therein.

ELVIRA.

Don Pedro read over the Letter twice or thrice, so much ado had he to believe what he read. He consider'd with himself that he had been twice in danger to have been as unfortunately married as any man in *Spain*, and sent up his hearty thanks to Heaven which had enabled him to escape it, by discovering to him two secrets of so great importance. The resolution of marrying suddenly, which the Negro's death had put *Elvira* upon, rais'd in *Don Pedro* a quite contrary, which was, that of getting from her as soon as he could. He therefore told *Don John*, that it concern'd both his life and honour, that he should be out of *Sevil* within an hour, and that he would take along with him onely that servant whom he had brought from *Granada*. He intreated him to sell his Coach and Horses, and with the mony to discharge his Servants; but above all things he desir'd him not to make any enquiry after the occasion of so sudden a change, and so unexpected a departure, promising to give him an account in writing from the first place he should make any stay at. He writ to *Elvira*, while some were gone to take up two Mules for him; he deliver'd his Letter to the slave, and, the Mules being come, took his way towards *Madrid*, confirm'd, more than ever, in his former opinion, of being distrustful of all women of more than ordinary wit, nay indeed to have a horror of them. While he is

spurring on his Mule, *Elvira* opens his Letter, and finds in it these words.

A LETTER.

HOW violent soever the affection I had for you might have been, yet have I ever prefer'd the desire of preserving your honour, before the pleasure of enjoying your person. Thence you might have perceiv'd with what discretion all my Courtships and addresses were attended. I am naturally a person of a very nice conscience, and therefore cannot without some remorse answer your proposal of marriage, you being a widow but since yesterday. You are much more oblig'd to the memory of the poor Negro, who hath lost his life in your service, and can bestow no less than a year in bewailing the miscarriage of a person, whose performances you thought so extraordinary. In the interim, we shall both of us have time to consider what we have to do.

DON PEDRO.

Elvira was almost out of her self at the reading of this Letter; the affliction she conceiv'd thereat made her more sick, than she had been upon the loss of her Lover of *Guinny*. But bethinking her self that *Don Pedro* had left *Sevil*, and another person, whom she thought furnish'd for her turn, making his addresses to her in order to marriage, she took him at his word, and entertain'd him, to sup-

ply

ply the place of the Negro. Not but that there were other Negroes choice enough; but she had heard say that there were several sorts of Negroes, and that they are not so far Devils as they seem black.

By this time was *Don Pedro* got to *Madrid*, where he alighted at an Uncle's of his, who entertain'd him very kindly. This Uncle was a Gentleman of a very great estate, had onely one son, destin'd in marriage for a Cousin of his, an Heiress, one that being but ten years of age was kept in a Monastery, till such time as she were ripe for the enjoyments of her Cousin. This Cousin's name was *Don Rodrigues*, a person as lovely as could be look'd on, every way so accomplish'd, that *Don Pedro* entred into a friendship with him much beyond what a man hath for a kinsman, whom yet he may love very well; for they are not always of his kindred that a man loves best.

Don Rodrigues had many times his thoughts so taken up with some reflections unknown to any but himself, that he minded not much what he did, or what company he was in, and these fits were often accompani'd with certain agitations and disturbances. *Don Pedro*, having observ'd it, acquainted him with his adventures, to oblige him, by that confidence, to give him an account of his, and, in case there were any thing wherein he might serve him, to assure him of his being much more his Friend than his Kinsman. Whereupon he told him how he had taken notice of his sadness and disquiet, and intreated him to discover the occasion of it; or otherwise, that he should think his friendship not answerable to his own.

Don Rodrigues desired nothing so much, hoping to be disburthen'd of his grief, when he had communicated it. He thereupon told *Don Pedro*, that he was passionately fallen in love with a Gentlewoman at *Madrid*, design'd in marriage to a Cousin of hers whom she expected from the *Indies*, and whom she had never seen, much after the same manner as he was made sure to a Cousin of his whom he staid for till she were of age to be married, and whom he had but little acquaintance with.

But not unwilling to make a full discovery of himself; "This conformity of Adventures, said
 "he to *Don Pedro*, very much heightened the mutual love we had for one another, though it still
 "kept us both within the limits of civility and
 "our duty, when ever our passion would have advised us to prefer our satisfaction before the engagements wherein we were involv'd upon the
 "account of our Families. Hitherto had my love
 "had the success I could have wish'd my self, I
 "mean, so as not to obtain the final reward of it,
 "which she put off till after the arrival of her
 "Husband, that is, when the cloak of Marriage
 "might cover all the inconveniences likely to ensue upon an appointment which supposes somewhat more than a private conversation. I shall
 "not tell you any thing of the beauty of *Virginia*,
 "but onely that it is impossible to say too much
 "of it, and that I could say as much of it as
 "would haply puzzle your faith to believe. I
 "shall forbear, till you have seen her, and her Cousin *Violanta*, who lives with her, which when
 "you have, it will haply force an acknowledgment

"ment from you, that *Spain* can hardly afford any
 "thing fairer than these two incomparable Cou-
 "sins, and, when you come to discourse with
 "them, that you never met with any Women more
 "witty.

"Ah! that's it makes me the more to pity you,
 "*replies Don Pedro.* And why so, *says Don Rodri-*
 "*gues?* Because a subtil Woman, *replies Don Pe-*
 "*dro,* will be sure, sooner or later, to put a trick up-
 "on you. You know by the Relation I have gi-
 "ven you of my adventures, how I had been like
 "to be trapann'd by them; and I am to assure you
 "that were I but in hopes to find a Woman as
 "simple, as I know there are witty, I would court
 "her in the highest manner imaginable, and prefer
 "her before prudence it self, if she would entertain
 "me to be her Servant. Sure, you do not speak se-
 "riously, *replies Don Rodrigues;* for I never knew
 "any understanding man, but thought it the most
 "insupportable thing in the world, nay, a certain
 "torment, to be but a quarter of an hour in com-
 "pany with a Woman that's little better than a
 "natural Fool. 'Twere most irrational, that,
 "while our eyes, our hands, in a word, our whole
 "body, finds something of diversion, our souls,
 "our noblest part, should be upon the rack of a
 "tedious conversation, such as must needs be that
 "of persons that have nothing in them. Let's
 "have no more disputing, *says Don Pedro to him,*
 "since there is but too much to be said upon this
 "subject; be it your business to bring me as soon,
 "as you can to a sight of this admirable Lady, as
 "also of her Cousin, to the end, if she suit with
 "my humour, I may have something to trifle away

"the time withal while I stay at *Madrid*. I be-
 "lieve you will find them much otherwise than
 "you expect, when you do, *says Don Rodrigues*.
 "And why, I pray, *replies Don Pedro*. Because,
 "says *Don Rodrigues*, the person you would see is
 "at the greatest distance with simplicity of any I
 "know. I shall comply with time and circum-
 "stances, *replies Don Pedro*. To be real with you,
 "added *Don Rodrigues*, I know not well how Ma-
 "dam *Virginia* will entertain us, it's above eight
 "days since that she hath treated me with all pos-
 "sible rigour and aversion; return'd my Letters
 "without ever opening them, and sent me word
 "she would never see me, because nor long since
 "she found me in the Church, speaking to a young
 "Lady, with whom she saw me the same day in a
 "Coach, and upon this occasion it was that you
 "saw me so sad and melancholy. It matters not,
 "says *Don Pedro*, let's go and see them however,
 "and take it from me, you will sooner satisfy her
 "by vindicating your self in her presence, than
 "with all the Letters the whole *Academy of Elo-*
 "quence could furnish you with.

Hereupon the two men-Cousins went to see the
 two women-Cousins; and the fair *Virginia* permit-
 ted *Don Rodrigues* to vindicate himself, which he
 found it no hard matter to do. *Don Pedro* thought
 them both handsomer than any he had seen of the
 sex before, nor excepting the imprudent *Seraphina*,
 nor the counterfeit Macon *Elvira*. *Violanta*,
 who had dress'd her self that day richer than or-
 dinary, in order to have her Picture drawn, daz-
 zled the eyes of *Don Pedro* so far, that he immedi-
 ately broke the resolution he had taken, never to love

any

any Woman unless she were a Fool. For his part *Violanta* was no less taken with him, it being his fortune to speak things so obliging upon her Picture, among which some infinitely witty and smart, that they wrought in her an admiration of his excellent parts, and no small satisfaction at the first sallies of his courtships.

But here I cannot avoid making a little digression, though it be onely to tell those who know not so much, that your set-speeches to Gentlewomen, and your serious Students in the *Academy of Completments*, are a sort of people that would be good at the putting off of whipp'd Cream and Syllibubs, and are charg'd with, nay, convicted of, an aery flutuous eloquence by persons of good understanding and judgment. If this word of advertisement be well consider'd by the publick, some would find the conveniences of it equal to those of a good receipt against the Flies in Summer, and against stinking Breaths all the year long. *Don Pedro*, who had solemnly sworn never to marry unless he met with a Woman the next degree remov'd from an Ideot, made it appear that the Oaths of Gamesters and Lovers are not obligatory, though the late *Cusists* had not been so indulgent as to dispense with them. He was so infinitely taken, as with the beauty, so with the wit of *Violanta*, that despairing to obtain any favour of her but what might be granted without any prejudice to her honour, he was resolv'd to marry her, if she had no aversion for that kind of life. He many times gave her occasion to make some discovery of her thoughts, as to that particular; but either she understood him not, or at least would
not,

not, whether it were that she lov'd her freedom, or could not entertain any thoughts of Marriage.

All went hitherto very prosperously on with these four Lovers ; but misfortune comes ever when 'tis least expected. One day it happened, that the two young Gentlemen having tyred their Tailors, Barbers, Millaners, Shoemakers, Sempsters, and all those other Trades which young Gallants put upon the rack when they would dazle their eyes whom they pretend to adore, or to say all in a word, made themselves as fine as *Cassor* and *Pollux*, and not making the least doubt to become Masters of the out-works at least of the places they besieg'd, there comes an unlucky Scrich-owl, I mean an old Servant-maid, to acquaint the two Cousins, that the *Indian Spark*, Husband to the fair *Castilian*, was come to *Madrid*, without so much as sending a Letter before him from *Sevil*, where the Ship came in ; that the two fair Cousins knew not what he meant by his surprising them in that manner, and intreated the Gallants to have patience till such time as *Virginia* had made such discovery of the humours of her *Indian*, as to know how to deal with him, and that they should not onely forbear visiting them, but even appearing before their Windows, till further order.

Thus was all the trimming, scouring and powdering of that day clearly lost, nay, as if upon this account of their Mistresses they had a remorse for their vanity, for two days after, they had no more care of themselves than if they had been irretrievable Malefactors. They understood from common report about the Town, that the *Indian*
and

and *Virginia* had been privately married; that he was naturally jealous, a person of experience, as being turn'd of forty years of age, and had taken such order in his house, and was so vigilant over the actions of his Wife, that her Gallants, if she had any, could not hope so much as a sight of her at her Window. The further order they had been promised came not, and they thought long to expect it. They made their appearance in the Street where their Mistresses liv'd, and rode up and down, as they were wont, before their doors, yet could never see, either going in or coming out, any face they knew, or meet with any Boy or Maid they had any acquaintance with. They one day saw the Husband go in accompanied by his Brother, a person handsome enough, and so young that he was then a young Student in the University. All this did but add to their affliction, and heighten the trouble they were in. They went forth betimes in the morning, they came not home till 'twere very late, and spent both time and pains to no purpose. At last one Holiday, being upon the Sentry, they saw coming out, at the Break of Day, one of *Violenta's* Maids to go to Mass. They made her stand at the Church-door, and through the persuasion of a many Presents *Don Rodrigues* prevailed with her to carry a Letter to her Mistress. The business of it was this.

THE LETTER.

Madam,

I Find a greater unkindness in your oblivion of me, than I feel torment in my own jealousy, since there is no remedy for this latter, now that you are at the disposal of a Husband. However you are not to think your self beyond the reach of my importunities, though you have discharged me your remembrance. I beg of you, as the last favour I am to expect, to let me know whether I have yet any ground to hope, or must resolve not to live any longer,

Yours, &c.

DON RODRIGUES.

They followed the Maid at a distance; she delivered the Letter as she had promised them, and having made a sign to them to come near the house, she dropped out at the Window the Answer you are like to read.

THE LETTER.

A Jealous man, that hath not been married long, is but little from his wife, and cannot so soon think himself dispensed from the duty

duty he conceives lies upon him, to express his tenderness over her and observe her actions. There is some talk of taking a journey to Vailladolid, without my company, which if it happen, I shall vindicate my self, satisfy my engagements, and pay my debts.

This Letter, which they both with a certain emulation kiss'd a hundred and a hundred times, reviv'd their decaying hopes, and nourish'd them for some days : but at last, not hearing any thing from their forgetful Mistresses, they renew'd their marches and countermarches before their windows, spent whole nights there ; and could not see any going to and fro, no more than if the house had been haunted and no body liv'd in it.

But one day it happen'd, that, these two despairing Lovers being in the Church, comes in Mistress Bride ; *Don Rodrigues* went and kneel'd down close by her, as t'were to outface an old Gentleman-Usher that had brought her thither. He in few words made his complaints to her ; she in as few excus'd her self, and at last she told *Don Rodrigues*, that her husband was not yet gone to *Vailladolid*, though he talk'd of going every day : that her impatience to have a private meeting with him was no less than his ; and that she knew but one way to satisfy his desires, which absolutely depended on *Don Pedro*. “ My husband, said she, is a man, “ whom, when once fallen asleep, the shooting off “ of great Guns would hardly awake, and it is four “ or five days since we spoke one to another, by “ reason of a little difference that is happened “ between

“ between us, which is not yet ripened to any
 “ overtures of reconciliation. I have been at my
 “ Cousin *Violante* to supply my place in the Bed;
 “ but she is not well, and in regard she and *Don*
 “ *Pedro* are the onely persons that are privy to
 “ our Loves, and that I am unwilling there should
 “ be any more, though it concern’d my life, we
 “ must make use of him in her stead, and, if he
 “ loves you so well as to do it, prevail with him to
 “ go into bed to my husband after he is fallen a-
 “ sleep. There seems at first to be something of
 “ hazard in such an enterprize; but it being con-
 “ sider’d withall that my husband and I are at a
 “ distance, and that he is not easily awak’d, I doubt
 “ not but all may prove well enough as I imagine
 “ to my self; and this is the utmost I can do for
 “ you.

This happy stratageme of Love, which *Don*
Rodrigues was so hot to understand, upon the first
 proposall of it, prov’d a cooler to his desires when
 he had heard it: for he was not onely in doubt
 whether his Cousin would act the dangerous part
 which was impos’d upon him in that extravagant
 adventure, but was in suspence, whether he should
 so much as propose it to him. His Mistress continu’d
 firm to her resolution, and, as she parted with her
 dissatisfy’d Gallant, assur’d him, that if the propo-
 sition she made to him were not well entertain’d
 and put in execution, as she had directed, there were
 never any thing to be hoped from her, nay she gave
 him leave to forget her, though a time had been she
 would sooner have sign’d the sentence of her own
 death.

The time and place broke off the discourse be-
 tween

tween *Don Rodrigues* and his Lady; she return'd home, he to his Camrade, who could not get a word from him, so much was he troubled that he must either make a request to him which he thought so unreasonable, or live without a happiness which is ever much more valued before the enjoyment than afterwards. At last, being gotten together into a private Chamber, *Don Rodrigues* having done himself all possible violence, made the extravagant proposition to *Don Pedro*, allaying it what he could with those circumstances which might render it the more entertainable. *Don Pedro* could not at first imagine but all was in jest, but his Cousin on the contrary protesting he spoke seriously, so far as to confirm it with such Oaths as convinc'd him he was in earnest, he would needs make some sport at it, telling him, he was very much oblig'd to his Mistress, for providing him an entertainment with so sweet a Gentlewoman, and that no doubt it was an expression of *Violanta's* gratitude towards him, who being nor, by reason of her indisposition, in a capacity to requite the services he had done her, and thinking her engagement a burthen, turn'd him over for the payment of it to her Cousin's husband, with whom he must expect a very pleasant night's lodging.

Thus did he endeavour to divert both his Friend and himselfe with witty descants on so odde an adventure, but *Don Rodrigues* was in such a distraction of thought as that he minded them but little, and was so cast down, that his Cousin could no less than pity him, and was somewhat in fear how dangerous the consequences of his despair might be. *Don Pedro* was a person naturally
daring

daring enough, one that had run through many adventures, and durst undertake any thing though never, so extravagant; he had also a great love for *Don Rodrigues*, so that, all put together, he was content to supply the place of the fair *Virginia*, though with the hazard of what mischief he might receive from an exasperated and jealous husband. Being therefore fixt in his resolution, he embrac'd his Cousin, and rais'd him to Life again by telling him what hazard he would run, to procure him the enjoyment of his Mistress. "You shall not be," said "he to him," so extreamly oblig'd to me as you imagine for what I shall do for you, I find myself inclin'd to undertake it as an action of honour, wherein I pretend to as much reputation as if I had behav'd my self ever so gallantly at the storming of some strong place.

Things thus concluded, word was sent to *Virginia*, that her proposition was accepted; she appointed the time that very night; the two Cousins came according to appointment, were conducted into the house with as little noise as might be; and *Don Pedro* was forc'd, in the presence of the fair Lady, to put off his cloaths, as being desirous her orders should be observ'd with the greatest exactness. *Don Pedro* being thus stript to his linnen, she brought him, as softly as if his way had been pav'd with eggs, and with the greatest caution imaginable, to the dangerous bed-side, and, having drawn the curtains, and turn'd down the cloaths as easily as might be, held the daring *Don Pedro* by the arms, while he gingerly laid himself down in the bed, who haply now began to repent him of his confidence, and no doubt contented himself with such

a part of the bed as that he came not near the middle.

Having thus dispos'd of him, she went her ways, lock'd the chamber door without ever minding the noise she made in doing it, which *Don Pedro* was troubled most of all at. Her business now was to get to *Don Rodrigues*, whom I am apt to believe she paid, like a gallant good natur'd woman, what ever she was in his debt, at least as much as he would take of it.

Don Pedro in the mean time was in a condition much different from that of his Cousin's, who no doubt was over head and ears in the embraces of a fair Lady that was a bed with him, while this over-charitable Kinsman lay in fear of nothing so much as of those of a sordid man, who, to his great misfortune, was a very troublesome bed-fellow. Then did he begin to reflect, but too late, on his foolish presumption, that being what he should have done before he engag'd himself in such a design; he blam'd himself, call'd himself fool, and acknowledg'd that the injury he did a husband was one of those that are unpardonable, if he himself were to pass his sentence upon it.

But it was not long ere these sad reflections were interrupted, and his just fears heightned by his Bed-fellow's turning to him, and casting his burdensome arm about his neck, as if he would have embrac'd his wife. *Don Pedro* somewhat frighten'd at those unwelcome caresses, the more haply because accompani'd with certain words imperfectly uttered, made a shift to disburthen himself of the arm which he thought more weighty than a far heavier burthen, and slipp'd his neck from under it,

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taking great care not to do him any hurt ; and having so done, he got to the bed-side, with his body so far over, that he had much ado to keep in the bed, wishing his life fairly at an end, and blaming onely himself for running so great a hazard to comply with the passion of two indiscreet Lovers. He had hardly time to breathe, and recover his spirits ever so little, ere the unquiet Bed-fellow thrust in his legs between his; which last action, added to the foregoing persecutions, made him look pale as death it self. At last, whil'st one came still nearer, and the other remov'd, day comes on, very expectedly to *Don Pedro*, who was not able to stand out any longer against his Adversary, who had thrust him as far as he could go.

He got out of bed as gently as he could, and went to open the door, which he found very carefully double lock'd, a misfortune as indigestible as any of the precedent. As he was trying, to little purpose, to thrust back the lock, it flew open of a sudden, and the door had almost taken him over the face. *Virginia* comes into the room as it were in much haste, and ask'd him loud enough, Whither he made such haste ? *Don Pedro* entreating her with a low voice to speak more gently, ask'd her whether she were mad to hazard in that manner the waking of her husband, and desir'd her she would let him out. "How ! go out ? *replies the Lady with a loud voice.* No, I would have my husband see what bed-fellow he hath had to night, that he may see the fruits of his own jealousy, and what I am able to do.

Having so said, bold as a Lioness she took *Don Pedro* by the arm ; then, in such disturbance as that he

he had not the strength to get from her, open'd the shutters of the windows, without letting go her prize, and dragging him to the bed-side, drew the curtains, saying aloud, "See, Mr. Jealous-brains, "whom you have had to your bed-fellow ! *Don Pedro* was not so scared, but that he had the confidence to look into that dreadful bed, where, in stead of the imagin'd Satyre, he found his amiable *Violanta*, who had lain with him, and not *Virginia*'s husband, who was gone into the Country eight days before. The two fair Cousins jeer'd him most unmercifully, never had a witty man such a task to vindicate himself, or betray'd a greater confusion. *Violanta*, who was extremely a lover of mirth, and spoke things handsomly and ingeniously, made her Cousin almost burst with laughing when she related what frights she had put *Don Pedro* to, whenever, pretending to be between sleeping and waking, she got any thing near him.

This baiting put *Don Pedro*, who was still in his shirt, almost out of countenance ; so that it was a long time ere he could recover himself out of the confusion he was in. At last *Virginia* took pity of him, and left him and her Cousin to themselves, to make up the accounts that were between them, which were of some consequence, for it took up their time from morning till it was noon. From that time, while the Husband was in the Country, the two he-Cousins and the two she-Cousins had frequent meetings, and made their advantages of the opportunity. The *Indian* being return'd, onely *Don Rodrigues* sav'd the worse for it ; for *Don Pedro*, by the assistance of the Servants whom his Presents had brought to his Lure, made a shift, for two

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or three months, to spend most nights with *Violanta*, who was at her own disposal, and, since her Cousin's marriage, lodg'd in a part of the house whereof she had the command, and which had a back-door that opened into another street. He was so deeply in love with her, that he earnestly wish'd himself married to her, but when he made any Proposal of that nature to her, she so handsomely put off the discourse, that he knew not whether it were out of design, or that she minded not much what he said to her. At last, to confirm the general opinion, that this world is a Stage of perpetual changes, *Violanta* began to remit much of her passion, and by little and little grew to that coldness towards *Don Pedro*, that he could not forbear complaining of it, and, not knowing what to quarrel at, charg'd her with infidelity, reproaching her, that she had entertain'd some other Gallant into her favour.

But instead of recovering himself by this means into that place in her affections which he had formerly possessed, it made him so insupportable to *Violanta*, that she did not onely forbear the kindnesses she did him in the night, but could not endure his company in the day time. Yet was he not a jot cast down at it. He, by the charms of a many Presents, prevail'd so far with one of the Gentlewomen, treacherous enough of her own inclination, as that she discover'd to him, that her Mistress was extremely taken with her Cousin's Brother-in-law, who was then just come from the University; that he was a very handsome young man, and no less in love with *Violanta*, than *Violanta* was with him. To act something notorious for the perfidiousness of it, this wicked Wench advis'd him to pre-

pretend himself sick, to send his Mistress notice of it, complaining as if she were the cause of his indisposition, which, by reason of the likelihood of it, might be credited; and, in a word, to pretend it so seriously, that her Mistress might not be so vigilant, nor stand so much upon her guard, as she had ever done, since she broke off her correspondence with him. *Don Pedro* plaid his part as well as if he had been an old Actor at it. *Violanta* perceiv'd not the Mist that was cast before her eyes, and the perfidious Author of the Plot, 'had no sooner brought her Mistress's new *Adonis* into that chamber, but she went to open the gate to the jealous *Don Pedro*.

He comes all fury into *Violanta's* chamber, and surprises her already in bed, and her young Exerciser putting off his cloaths to lay himself by her. He went with his sword drawn streight to his Rival, haply to frighten him a little. The young man had his wits about him, so that taking up one of his shoes, and holding it out as one would do a pocket-pistol, aim'd at *Don Pedro's* face, so confidently, that *Don Pedro*, who mistrusted no such thing, and doubted not but that he would have shot at him, slunk down and turn'd of one side, in which interval the young man got out at the door. *Violanta*, who was resolv'd to make an absolute rupture with *Don Pedro*, broke out into a laughter, and jeer'd at his fear of being pistoll'd with a shoe. He took her abuses so heinously, that he fell a boxing of her; she had him by the hair; it came to a bloody scuffle, insomuch, that at last, the hard-hearted *Granadin*, having used her so unmercifully, that she was forced to cry out

Murder, made his escape into the street, just as *Virginia*, her husband, and all the servants, arm'd, as it were to engage an enemy, that had beat up their quarters, came into *Violanta's* chamber.

In the mean time *Don Pedro* gave *Don Rodrigues* an account of what had passed, and, not losing any time, went and proffer'd his service to the Duke of *Ossonne*, who was to depart the next day to be Vice-Roy of *Naples*. *Don Pedro* expected him at the Port, where they were to embark, leaving his dear Cousin extremely troubled both at his departure and the occasion of it. He continued six or seven years at *Naples*, much respected by the Vice-Roy, who allow'd him very considerable pensions. He receiv'd also no small sums out of *Spain*, so that there was not any person in *Naples* liv'd at a higher rate than he did, which made him more considerable in *Italy* than most of your *Spaniards*, who go thither as much out of a design to grow rich, as the *French* do to spend their money. He travell'd to *Sicily*, made some stay in the more eminent Cities, and, being return'd into *Italy*, spent two or three years at *Rome*, as many at *Venice*, visited all the places he thought worth it; and, at last, having been fourteen or fifteen years out of *Spain*, ever in love, or, if you will, ever making it his main business to satisfy his lust, still engag'd in some adventure or other, and more and more confirm'd in his opinion, that a man could not be safely married to a witty woman, an humour took him to put a period to all his extravagant courses, and to return to *GRANADA*, to see all the friends he had left there.

But the greatest motive of his departure out of
Italy,

Italy, was, that his returns of money fail'd him, through the disappointment of his correspondents; or, at least, his Exchequer was grown so low, that he had hardly so much as carri'd him to *Barcelona*. There he sold what cloaths he could spare, to buy him a Mule, and keeping onely the best he had for his journey, he took his way towards his dear Country, without any retinue at all, the servant whom he had brought with him out of *Spain* being, in all probability, dead of the *Neapolitan* disease, and his stock so small, as would not haply defray the charges of another.

He left *Barcelona* at the break of day, to avoid the heat, and the importunity of the flies, which in *August* are very troublesome, so that by nine of the clock he was gotten four or five leagues in his way. He rode through the middle of a pretty large country village, where a certain Duke of *Catalonia* pass'd away part of the Summer, as having in that place a fair Castle that stood upon the road. The Duke was an antient man, and had to his Lady a woman of an excellent humour, a great both lover and maker of sport, and about twenty years of age. He was that day gone abroad upon some hunting-meeting, and was not to return till the next. The young Dutchess standing in a Balcony of the Castle cast her eye on our Adventurer of *Granada*. His goodly presence and the state of his riding rais'd in her a desire to have a sight of him nearer hand; besides, that she was of an inquisitive nature, and suffer'd few strangers to pass through the Town without sending for them. Though he had resolv'd to bair some leagues off the place where he then was, yet could he not civilly answer a re-

Quest made to him from the Dutchess with a denial, amounting to no more than his waiting on her onely as long as the urgency of his occasions would permit. She was beautiful as an Angel, and the *Granadin* was one that felt a certain warmth diffuse it self through his whole body, at the sight of such beauties, though they were not Dutchesses. He, on the other side, was a person every way graceful, and the Dutchess took much pleasure to see men of his making; to redeem, in some measure, the time she mis-spent with her husband, who, to her great misfortune, thought her so handsome, and was so infinitely taken with the pleasantness of her behaviour, that he imagin'd he never saw her enough, though she were seldome out of his sight.

Don Pedro, being a person of excellent parts and good judgment, found the Dutchess much diversion by giving her a relation of his Travels, and soon observ'd her to be of a nature much inclin'd to mirth and a pleasant passing away of the time. She inquir'd particularly concerning the Gallantry at *Naples*, would needs know whether the Women there have much freedom, and whether the Gallants of *Italy* were comparable to those of *Spain*. In fine, *Don Pedro* was confirm'd by the questions she put to him, that if she were not very well read in the business of Courtship and Gallantry, it was not for want of good-will. She would needs entertain him at dinner to both their mutual satisfaction: soon after dinner he would have taken his leave of her, but she would not by any means permit it telling him her Lord would not return that day, that he must needs be her guest, and very obligingly adding, that persons of his worth being very rare in

Catalonia,

Catalonia, they were not to be parted with till some extraordinary necessity forc'd them away, and consequently the happiness of their company was to be improv'd to the utmost.

She thereupon led him into a Closet, which by reason of its spaciousness was very cool, adorn'd with Pictures, Porcelane, and other Rarities, and furnish'd, besides all things suitable to the greatness of the person, with a sumptuous Couch, cover'd with a Sarin quilt. Having seated him on it, he related to her his adventures at *Granada, Sevil, and Madrid*, as also those he had met with in *Italy*, which are not come to my knowledge. The Dutchess heard him with much attention, and he told her at last, that he was resolv'd to marry, if he could but meet with a woman simple enough to secure him, as to those inconveniences which witty women run their husbands into. “ An Estate I have, *contin'd he*, plentiful enough, and though she I shall marry have no fortune at all, so she be well brought up, and not over-deformed, I shall not scruple to marry her; though, to be sincere with you, I should rather make choice of one that were unhandsome, so she were simple, than a handsome one that were not. Ah how strangely do you misapprehend things in my judgement, *says the Dutchess to him*, or, what do you mean, when you say, *well brought up*? I mean a virtuous woman and of good reputation, *replies he*. And how is it possible a woman that's little better than a natural fool can be virtuous, *says the fair Lady*, since she knows not what Virtue is, nay is not in a capacity to learn? How do you imagine a fool can have any affection for you, “ having

“ having not the apprehension to know you ? She
“ will be wanting to her duty, yet not be sensible of
“ it ; whereas a woman of understanding, in case
“ she should be distrustful of her own virtue, will
“ make a shift to avoid the occasions which may
“ endanger the loss of it.

Their contestation took up much longer time, the *Granadine* maintaining, that a woman should aspire to no greater knowledg than that of loving her husband, being faithful to him, and careful of the government of her house and children; and the Dutchess on the other side desirous to convince him, that a simple woman was not able to do any thing of all this ; nay that, though she were handsome, it would not be long e'r she would be thought troublesome. They were both satisfi'd of one another's wit and judgment, and the mutual good opinion they had conceiv'd one of another was soon heightened into an affection, nay, I may say, something yet greater. There was not onely a difference between the *Granadine* and the Duke, as to age, understanding, and person, but the former was of such an exact composition as the world haply afforded but few like him ; and if he was thought such by his Dutchess, he in requital thought her the handsomest woman he had ever seen. He was bold as a Lyon, and never had the opportunity to be alone with a woman, but he made proffer of his service to her. If it were accepted, he did the best he could ; if offence were taken, he cast himself on his knees. and calling himself first the presumptuous *Ixion*, he crav'd pardon so ingenuously and with such exquisite hypocrisie, that either his offence was pardon'd, or haply it would not have been taken amiss if he offended again.

again. "I never thought, (aid he to the *Magnetick Dutchess*, to have met with a person able to force me out of an opinion wherein so many experiences had confirm'd me : but I must withall confess, I never was before oppos'd in it by a person extraordinary as you are, whose soul alone, without making any advantage of your beauty (which yet defies the world to parallel it) may exercise what jurisdiction it pleases over all those who have apprehension enough to acknowledge, that your excellencies are greater than those of all other women put together. You have cur'd me of one error, but suffer me to groan under something else which is so much the more dangerous, and hard to be cur'd, by how much I take greater pleasure in my sickness, and satisfy, by enduring it, the noblest ambition man can be capable of.

I have now forgot what other hyperboles he drew up together, to engage the *Dutchess's* virtuous inclinations ; as also what reserves of parhetical impertinences he was forc'd to make use of ; for, he was upon a very hot and dangerous service of Courtship. Nor could I ever learn with what countenance the *Dutchess* entertain'd a *Forlorn of Love and Gallantry* so confidently brought up ; whether she receiv'd the amorous charge suitably to the fierceness of it ; or made the weaker resistance out of hope of better quarter. These particulars, though much desirous of it, I could never have any account of, and onely have it from one of the *Dutchess's* Gentlewomen, since dead in *France* of the King's Evil, that the Closet-door was lock'd upon them at two of the Clock, and that they were there together till Supper-time ; and besides
what

what the Gentlewoman said, I know my self by experience, that *Opportunity makes the Thief*. Night came on, the indulgent Deity of stollen Loves; but *Don Pedro* and the Dutchess were prejudic'd rather than oblig'd by it, for out of a regard to Civility, and to keep the Servants from talking, (whose jealousies ever magnifie things to the great prejudice of Truth, a Virtue they are profess'd enemies to) they call'd for lights, which, being brought, were darkned by the two bright eyes Heaven had bestow'd on the Dutchess, and which then out-vy'd the Stars with their lively sparkling. Her complexion, which now had doubled the hue of its native carnation, appear'd brighter to *Don Pedro* than the Sun in a Summers day, and his face too had a little touch of the violent inclining to red.

But as they were beholding one another with much confidence and satisfaction, an alarm came to the Dutchess, that the Duke her husband was come into the Court. All she could do upon so sudden notice, was, to dispose her much astonish'd Gallant into a Closet where she kept her perfum'd waters, and, having lock'd him in, to cast her self on a Bed. The Duke, who was a man of threescore years of age at least, comes into his Lady's Closet, and finds her fresh as a rose upon the bush. He told her, that a Letter he had receiv'd from the Vice-roy had occasion'd his return sooner than he expected. He was grown very hungry, ordered to be brought him into the Closet what there was ready, and the Dutchess, though she had no great stomach to eat any thing with him, while her Gallant shook, or haply did something else, for fear,

yet

yet took a Chair and sat near the Table. She was of a disposition extremely inclin'd to make sport, and so divertive, as that it, in a manner, retriev'd her old husband into youth again, so much was he pleas'd at everything she did. It was an ordinary thing between them to lay extravagant wagers, and that most commonly when she had some occasion or humour to get money out of him, which the simple man took great delight to loose, as one that inexpressibly doted on so excellent a woman.

He never admir'd her so much as at this time; She, to heighten his admiration, told him a hundred pleasant stories; at which the good Duke was ready to burst with Laughing; for eating with a good stomach, and at the same time laughing very heartily, he was two or three times so near choaking, that they were forc'd to give him such thumps in the back, as he would have taken very unkindly at another time: but through God's mercy, he got no hurt, onely a crum or two miss'd their way down his throat. At last, the Dutchess, who had a malicious humour to make sport at any thing, would needs divert her self at the cost of her imprison'd Gallant. She told the Duke, that it seem'd a long time to her since they had laid any wager; and that she would gladly lay a hundred Pistols with him, upon such a match and terms as they should agree upon. The Duke told her he was at her service, and expected what she would propose. The Dutchess made many proposals to him, which she was confident he would not accept; and at last she ask'd him, whether he would lay any wager, that he nam'd all those things, requisite about a house, that were made of iron. The Duke
took

took her up, though he thought the wager very extravagant, and having call'd for pen, ink, and paper, as soon as they had taken away, and his Almoner said Grace (for the Duke was a man of good example) he writ down the names of all the Iron things he could think on; But such was the Dutchess's good fortune, as that he forgot to set down Keys. She caus'd him divers times to read over what he had writ, and having ask'd him whether he had any thing to add, she folded up the paper, and told him she would take time to examine it, and in the interim acquaint him with an adventure had happened to her, one of the most pleasant he had ever heard of.

"I was gotten, *continued she*, presently after your departure, to one of the Balconies of the Castle which look towards the Road, where I had not been long, ere I spy'd passing by, mounted on a Mule, a man of a goodly and graceful presence, who, by the rate of his riding, seem'd to be employ'd upon some business that requir'd more than ordinary expedition. I was very desirous to know what might be the occasion of his haste, and thereupon sent a Page after him to bring him to me. I must needs acknowledge, I never saw a handsomer Man, nor one more likely to make the gravest Marron, or strictest Nun, break their vows of chastity. I ask'd him, Whence he travell'd, and What he was? He gave me an account of himself with so much gallantry and ingenuity, that he inflam'd me with a desire of more of his conversation. I prevail'd with him so far as that he was willing to stay the remainder of the day in the Castle,

"and

“ and give me a relation of his Adventures, which
 “ must needs have been very remarkable, and con-
 “ sequently very pleasant in the relation. He ac-
 “ quitted himself answerably to my expectation,
 “ and I must confess, I was never better pleas’d
 “ with any story in my life; and I shall not think
 “ it much to let you participate of the pleasantness
 “ of it.

She thereupon acquainted the Duke what had happen’d to *Don Pedro* at *Granada*, *Sevil*, and *Madrid*, whereat the good man, who made as much sport at a foolish story as any Duke within a hundred miles of him, spent his spleen in such violent and immoderate Laughters, as occasion’d those as well of the Dutchess, as the chiefest of the Duke’s Menial Servants, with whom he innocently liv’d in great intimacy and familiarity. She afterwards acquainted him what had happen’d to her Gallant in *Italy*, which was also very pleasant, as I have been told, but the particulars I could never learn. Onely this I know, that the Duke laughed so heartily thereat, that *Don Pedro* himself, lock’d up as he was, could hardly forbear. She told him what an ill opinion he had of all women that pretended to any thing of wit, the reasons which he alledg’d to maintain it, and those which she had urg’d in opposition there-
 to.

At last, having found her husband, and all that were present, nay *Don Pedro* himself so much sport that they were weary of it, she told the Duke, that the Gallant of *Granada*, after the relation of his adventures, grew so presumptuous as to make his applications to her, and had done it with so much
 address,

address, that, not knowing how to take it amiss from a stranger, that he was so confident in his Courtship, as to aim at her enjoyments, she was so taken with him that it was no hard matter for him to perceive it. “To be short, to what end
 “should I detain you longer, *continu’d the Dutch-*
 “*ess*, such a person may attempt any thing, and
 “not be thought too confident. We spent most
 “part of the day together, to our mutual satisfaction, and would have been together still, had
 “you not come upon us when I least expected you :
 “I shall not dissemble with you, I was both troubled and surpriz’d at your return. My lovely
 “stranger seem’d to be more astonish’d than I
 “was ; I with much precipitation got him into my
 “Closet of perfum’d waters, whence he hears me
 “if he be not dead out of fear : but confident
 “in the influence I have over you, and being of
 “my own nature, unwilling to dissemble, even in
 “those things wherein the freedom of my humour
 “might prove prejudicial to me, I would
 “needs find you matter of diversion at the cost of
 “that poor Gentleman, whom I will set at liberty
 “as soon as you are departed to your Chamber,
 “and dismiss him that he may return to *Granada*,
 “where, he says, he goes to find out a woman
 “simple enough to be his wife.

The Dutchess accompany’d her relation with so much ingenuity, freedom, and likelihood, that the Duke began to quit his mirth and to take things in good earnest. He grew pale ; was afraid his Lady had said no more than what was true ; nay, could not forbear asking her for the Key of the Closet, where she said the *Granadine* was lock’d

up.

up. She fell to some other discourse, and thereby heightened both his jealousies and his fear; he ask'd her a second time for the key of the closet; she deni'd to give it him. He would needs have it, and started out of his chair in a great fury. "Not so fast, my Lord, not so fast, *says the Dutchess* to him; before you ask for keys so hastily, pray have the patience, leisurely to read the Inventory you have given me; you have forgotten to set down keys, you cannot deny they are usually made of iron, and that you have lost your hundred Pistols, which I accordingly expect to be immediately paid me; and know withal, that it was onely to convince you that you had lost, as also to put you into so good an humour as that you might part the more freely with your money, that I have entertain'd you with so pleasant a story. Take heed another time you be not so easie of belief, as to receive for true what is pure fiction and Romance. There's no probability, that so many extraordinary adventures should happen to the same man, and much less, that I should have related such a story, if it were true.

The Dutchess spoke this with such a confident indifference, that the Duke was more easily induc'd to believe all she had said was fabulous, than he had been to think it true. He laugh'd at all, as if he had been little better than out of his wits; he admir'd the miraculous ingenuity of his wife, and oblig'd all his domesticks that were present to a like admiration, who were haply as credulous fools as their Master. "Do but see, for God's sake, *said he, breaking forth into loud ex-*

"clamations and laughter, do but see, with what
 "artifices she hath latish'd me that I had lost my
 "wager. The Dutchess was ready to burst with
 laughing, her Gentlewomen were not much be-
 hind. *Don Pedro* in the closet was forc'd to adde
 to the Dutchess's perfum'd waters, the better to
 smother his joy. At last having given his Steward
 order to deliver his Lady the hundred Pistols, he
 took his leave of her and went to his own lodg-
 ings, often telling her, one while, that she was a
 female Devil, another, that she had a wit and in-
 vention beyond the Devil. The servants repeated
 the same thing after their Master, so that till he
 was abed and asleep, nothing was talk'd of about
 the house, but the damnable wit of the Dur-
 chess.

In the mean time, the Dutchess being paid the
 hundred Pistols by the Steward, caus'd the chamber-
 door to be lock'd; and having brought *Don Pedro*
 out of his imprisonment, not fully recover'd of
 the fear she had put him into, she press'd him to
 acknowledge, that a witty and discreet woman
 may, without prejudice to her honour, salve a
 misfortune, whereof the very thought would make
 a simple one die for fear. She would needs have
 him eat of what her Women had brought up for
 her self. He intreated her to excuse him, and to
 dismiss him as soon as might be. She gave him the
 hundred Pistols she had got of her Husband, with
 a Gold-chain, and her own Picture, which amount-
 ed to as much, and desir'd him to remember her,
 and to give her an account of his further Adven-
 tures.

Having thereupon embrac'd him with much af-
 fection,

fection, she recommended him to the conduct of her Women, who put him and his Mule secretly out at a back-door. He thought it no prudence to lodge in that place, but to ride forward two Leagues, to the Town where he thought to have din'd the day before, when the Dutchess retain'd him.

As he rid along, what had hapned to him with the amorous Dutchess was perpetually present to his thoughts. He could not sufficiently admire, at least as he then thought, the readiness wherewith at first sight she entertain'd his affection, even before she knew him; her confidence to make so strange and pleasant a story to the Duke, which yet was but too true; and lastly, her subtilty in salving all by applying it to the Wager. He could not also but admire the easie nature and simplicity of the Duke; he pitied him, and, after all accidents and circumstances weigh'd, was confirm'd more than ever in the opinion, that a witty Woman was of a difficult keeping; and thence inferr'd, that, if the Dutchess had not been over-confident of her own wit, she would not so easily have executed what she had been so desirous to do, nor have been guilty of a presumption so incredible as to declare it to her Husband.

In fine, from all the Adventures he had run through, and all the experiences he had of mankind, he deriv'd a certain confidence, that he should never run the hazard of being unfortunately married, either by not taking any Wife at all, or marrying one so simple, as knew no difference between love and aversion.

Amidst these reflections he arriv'd at *Madrid*,

where he found his Cousin *Don Rodrigues* possess'd of his Father's estate, and married to his Cousin. He understood from him, that *Violanta* was married; and that the fair *Virginia* was gone to the *Indies* with her Husband. From *Madrid* he took his journey for *Granada*. He alighted at his Aunt's, who entertain'd him with inexpressible kindness, and acquainted him that *Seraphina* led a Saint's life in the Nunnery, and that her beloved Servant was dead, out of pure grief and indignation that he had not prevail'd with her, to quit the holy life she had oblig'd her self to, and marry him.

The next day he went along with his Aunt to see young *Laura*, *Seraphina's* daughter, she had been put into a Convent at four years of age, and might then be about sixteen or seventeen. He thought her beautiful as all the Angels together, and withal simple beyond all the Nuns that came into the world without wit, and were taken out of it ere they got any. He view'd her very seriously, and was extremely taken with her beauty. He oblig'd her to speak, and could not but admire her simplicity and her innocence. He doubted not but that he had found out what he sought; and what made him have a greater inclination for *Laura*, was, that he had had a great love for *Seraphina*, and perceiv'd her daughter to be much like her, though incomparably more handsome. He acquainted his Aunt that she was not his daughter, and how that he had some intentions to marry her: His Aunt encourag'd him in his design, and acquainted *Laura* therewith, who expressed not any either satisfaction or dissatisfaction thereat. *Don Pedro* took order for the furnishing of his house,

house, hearkned out for such Men-servants as were in some measure remarkable for their sottishness, laid out for Maids as simple as the Mistress that was to govern them, and had much ado to find any. He made her cloaths as rich and sumptuous as any could be had in *Granada*. All the persons of quality about the City were at the Wedding, and were no less satisfi'd with *Laura's* beauty, than dissatisfi'd with her want of understanding. The ceremonies of the wedding were over in very good time, so that the new married couple were left alone. *Don Pedro* order'd his Servants to go to their beds, and having sent away his wife's maids, after they had undress'd her, lock'd the chamber door.

Having thus order'd things, *Don Pedro*, out of a transcendency of prudence, which was the greatest madness in the world, put in execution the most fantastick design that could fall into the imagination of a man, who had all his life been accounted a person of understanding. Being more fool than his wife was simple, he would needs try how far he might trust her simplicity. He set himself in a chair, caus'd his wife to stand before him, and said these words to her, or others haply no less impertinent; "You are now my wife, a happiness for which I hope I shall have cause to bless God as long as we live together. Let it sink very deeply into your mind, what I am going to tell you, and observe it exactly as long as you live, both for fear of offending God, and displeasing me. At all these hony'd words, the innocent *Laura* made very low courtzies, whether seasonably, or not, is no great matter, and

look'd on her Husband as timorously as a Boy newly sent to School would on an imperious Pedant. "Do you know, continu'd Don Pedro, what kind of life persons that are married do lead?" "I know nothing of it, replies *Laura*, making a courtzie lower than any before; but if you will teach it me, I shall be as perfect in it as in my *Ave-mary*, and then another courtzie. Don Pedro was the most satisfi'd man in the world, to find his wife much more simple than he could well have expected. He drew out of a closet that was in the chamber a suit of Armour, very rich and very light, which he had sometime worn at a magnificent reception, which the City had made for the King of Spain. He put his idiot-wife into them, he put on her head a little gilt Head-piece cover'd with a plume of feathers, girt a short Sword to her side, and having put a Lance into her hand, told her, that the duty of such married Women as would be accounted virtuous, was, to watch their Husbands while they slept, arm'd all over as she then was. She made him no answer; but with her ordinary-reverences, which had not haply been at an end a good while, if he had not commanded her to take two or three turns about the chamber; which she did by chance with so much Majesty, (her natural beauty, and *Pallas*-like accoutrements contributing much thereto) that the over-subtil *Granadin* was in a manner out of himself for joy to see it. He went to bed, and *Laura* continu'd in the posture he had left her in, till five in the morning.

The most prudent and most circumspect of all the Husbands that ever were, at least who thought himself

himself no less, got up, put on his cloaths, disarm'd his wife, help'd her to put off her cloaths, and having dispos'd her into the bed out of which he rose, kiss'd her over and over, and wept out of pure joy that he had found, as he thought, what he look'd for. He order'd her to lie a bed till it were very late, and having commanded the Maids not to disturb her, he went to Mass, and thence about his occasions; for I had forgot to tell you, that he had bought an Office at *Granada*, such as might be that of a perpetual Major or Sheriff.

The first night of the Nuptials was spent in the manner you heard, and the Husband was such a Coxcomb as to make no better use of the second. But Heaven punish'd him according to the use he made of his Talent. There happen'd a business, which oblig'd him, all excuses laid aside, to take post the same day, and make all the expedition he could to Court. He had no more time allow'd him than to shift himself, to put on other cloaths, and to take leave of his wife, whom he commanded, upon pain of God's displeasure and his own, exactly to observe, in his absence, the life that married women were to lead.

Those who have any thing to do at Court, are uncertain how long it may be, ere they are dispatch'd. *Don Pedro* thought not to have staid abroad above five or six days, but his business kept him there like a Burre, now sticking to one Courtier, anon to another, for four or five months; in the mean time, the simple *Laura* neglected not her duty, spent the nights according to her Husband's order, in armour, and the days that suc-

ceeded them in such works as she had learn'd among the Nuns.

Much about this time came a Gentleman of *Corduba* to prosecute a Law-suit at *Granada*. He was, as to his internals, no fool; as to his externals, handsome enough. He often saw *Laura* in her Balcony, and thought her very handsome: he often pass'd and repass'd by her windows, a kind of Courtship ordinary in *Spain*: and *Laura*, on the other side, so let him go to and fro, without either knowing what it meant, or indeed having any desire to know. A Citizen's wife, of mean quality, who liv'd over against *Don Pedro's* house, being of a nature extremely charitable, and concerning her self much in the exigencies of any she saw distress'd, soon took notice both of the affection of the Stranger, and the insensibility of her fair Neighbour thereof. She was a woman could manage a business with abundance of conduct and circumspection, and the principal quality she profess'd, was that of making Matches, and soliciting venereal causes, whether they were just or unjust it matter'd not, so they brought in something to make the pot boil. And this employment Nature seem'd to have design'd her for, as having furnish'd her with all the accomplishments requisite in such as would be eminent therein; for she had some skill in making of Periwigs, she had a pension from all Chamber-maids, and Waiting-Gentlewomen, to sell their Lady's cast cloaths and their own, and other things which your meaner sort of Gentlewomen make a great show with; she distill'd several sorts of Waters, she had some secrets for the beautifying of the body, and above

all

all, she had confidence enough to pretend to some skill in Chiromancy and Astrology, and upon that account, lay under some suspicion of being a Witch. She so constantly saluted the Gentleman of Corduba every time he pass'd by her Neighbour's door, that he could not but imagine it done out of some design. He return'd her Salutation, went to her, and with the same labour became acquainted with her, and improv'd that acquaintance into Friendship; he made her privy to his Love, and promis'd her a very good reward if she prov'd a successful solicitress on his behalf to her Neighbour.

Upon this encouragement (instructions she need not any) the old piece of Brokery bestirs her self immediately; she soon prevail'd with the simple Servants to let her in to the Mistress, under pretence of shewing her some rarities which she had to sell; She commended her beauty, bemoan'd her being depriv'd so soon of her Husband's company; and, being left alone with her, brought in some discourse of the gallant Gentleman who pass'd by her doors so often. She told her that he lov'd her beyond his own life, and was passionately desirous to become her servant, if so be she would permit him. "Truly, truly, I am very much oblig'd to him, *replies the innocent Laura*, and "should gladly entertain him into my service; "but the house is now full of servants, and till some "one of them be dismiss'd, I dare not entertain "any in my husband's absence. I will write to him "about it, if this Gentleman be desirous I should, "and doubt not but he will do any thing I shall "press him to.

The

The tempting Gipsie needed not so great a discovery to be satisfi'd, that *Laura* was little remov'd from simplicity it self. She therfore made her apprehend, as well as she could, after what manner the Gentleman was desirous to serve her; told her he was a person of as great an estate as her husband, and that if she were desirous to make any trial of it, she would bring her, as a present from him, Jewels of great value, and what else she should desire. "Alas, Madam! says *Laura*, I have so much of what you speak of, that I know not what to do with them. Nay, if it be so, repli'd *the Satanical Ambassadors*, and that you do not much care whether he make you any presents, do him but the favour as that he may give you a visit. "That he may do when he pleases, says *Laura*, there's no body hinders him. That will do very well, replies *the Old one*, but it were better, if none of your Servants knew of it. "That's no hard matter, replies *Laura*, for my Women lye not in my own Chamber, and I go to Bed without their assistance, and that very late. Take this key, which opens any lock about the house, and, about eleaven at night, he may come in at the Garden-gate, where there is a little pair of stairs that lead to my Chamber.

The old Croke upon that took her by the hands, and kiss'd them over and over, telling her she would go and revive that poor Gentleman, whom she had left half dead. "How comes he to be in that condition, cries *Laura* not a little frightned? 'Tis you are the occasion of his death, replies *the old temptress*. *Laura* grew pale, as if she had been convicted of a murder, and would have

have made protestations of her innocence, if the wicked Agent, who thought not fit to make any further trial of her ignorance, had not cast her arms about her neck, and, assuring her the sick party would not dye, taken leave of her.

It may be well imagin'd she was not so neglectful as to leave behind her that miraculous Key, which open'd all doors. There may haply be some body, who, upon reading what is here said of that Key, will think he hath play'd the Critick rarely, when he shall say, that it was enchanted, and that this passage betrays something of fable: but whoever he be, let him know thus much from his most humble Servant, that the Masters of Families in *Spain* have such Keys, which they call *Mistress-keys*, and accordingly take heed another time, how he carps at what he understands not. But now I think on't, let him take what falls within his narrow apprehension which way he pleases: may I be thought as impertinent as he, if ever I trouble my head with it.

Not shall I care a jot if he think this very digression impertinent; let him make a Parenthesis of it if he will. I know he is impatient to know what the old woman does. She is just gone to the amorous Gentleman, who is at her house entertaining a Daughter of hers; one her Mother designs to be her successor in the Discipline of advancing the enjoyments and accommodations of Mankind. Knocking as hard as she could at the door, the Gentleman began to suspect he might be betray'd; but the Daughter understood it to signify the happy success of her Mother's intercession, as having learnt from her, and she from the common proverb, that,

that, *Who brings good news is not afraid to knock at the door.* She comes into the room with an infernal smile in her countenance, and gave him that account of her furtherance of the business, as made him ready to leap out at the windows for joy. He rewarded her very liberally, and expected night with much impatience. It comes at last, though never the sooner for his expectation. He gets into the Garden, and with as little noise as might be to *Laura's* Chamber-door, while she was walking very seriously up and down the Chamber, all in Armour and a Lance in her hand, according to the wise instructions of her extravagant Husband. There was one small light, and that plac'd in a remote corner of the Chamber, the Door being wide open to receive the Gallant she expected; but he seeing the glimpse of a person all in Armour, made no doubt but there was some treachery in the business. His fear at that time over-master'd his love, how violent soever it might be, so that he made more haste to be gone than he had to come thither, imagining he could hardly get soon enough into the Street. He went to his Proxy, and acquainted her what danger he had been in. She, to vindicate the sincerity of her procedure, went the next day to *Laura*, who presently ask'd her, Whether the Gentleman were still sick, and why he came not according to appointment? He is neither sick, nor hath fail'd to come, repli'd *Satan*, but finding a man all in Armour walking up and down your Chamber, it frightned him away. *Laura* at this burst out into a laughter, she could not recover her self out of for a good while, which the Old one knew not how to interpret. At last,

not

not able to laugh any longer, and making a shift to speak, she told her Neighbour, that it must needs be the Gentleman was never married, and that it was she her self who walk'd up and down the Chamber in Armour.

The old woman was still to seek what *Laura* should mean by that, and for a good while could not believe she was well in her wits; but after abundance of questions and answers, she apprehended what she could never have believ'd, as well, of the simplicity of a young Maid of sixteen years of age, that should know any thing almost; as the extravagant precaution her Husband had berthought him of to secure his Wives honour. She thought it her best course to let *Laura* continue in her error till she were undeceiv'd by her expected Gallant, and so, in stead of betraying her surprize at the strangeness of the thing, she joyn'd with *Laura* in laughing at the fright she had put the Gentleman into. Another appointment was made that he should give his personal appearance at her Chamber that night. The old woman satisfied the Gallant, and both admir'd the fortifness as well of the Husband as the Wife.

Night came on, he gets into the Garden, thence up the private stairs, and found his Lady all in Armour, upon duty, as she us'd to be. He embrac'd her though all clad in Iron, and she entertain'd him, as if she had known him from the longest day she could remember. At last he ask'd her, Why she was all in Armour? She made answer, smiling, that she might not put them off, nor pass away the night in any other posture, and told him, since he seem'd not to know so much, that it was the life of married

married women, and that to fail in the observance thereof was a very great sin. The crafty *Corduese* had all the trouble in the world to undeceive her, and to persuade her that she was abus'd, and that the Life of married persons was quite another thing.

At last he prevail'd with her so far as that she was content he should disarm her, and to learn of him another way of exercising Marriage much more commodious and pleasant than that which her Husband made her practise, which *Laura* acknowledg'd to be very inconvenient and wearisome. He was not sloathful in disarming her, he help'd also to undress her, as not finding her ready enough at it, and having soon put off his own Cloaths he laid himself by her, and made her confess there was a vast difference between his Precepts of Marriage and those her Husband had given her; he read her all the Lectures he could upon that subject, and she was so far apprehensive of his instructions, as that she grew not weary of learning, plying it very hard as long as her Husband continu'd at the Court. At last she receiv'd a Letter from him, which acquainted her that he was upon his return, and that he had dispatch'd his business at Court, and the *Corduba*-blade having also dispatch'd his at *Granada*, the crafty Companion return'd home, without so much as taking his leave of *Laura*, and I think without the least regret for the loss of her company, nothing being so frail as the Love a Man hath for a Woman that's little better than a natural Fool.

Nor was *Laura* on the other side less indifferent, but receiv'd her Husband with so much satisfaction,

faction, and betray'd so little resentment for the loss of her Gallant, as if she had never seen him. *Don Pedro* and his Wife sup'd together to the great satisfaction of both. Bed-time came on. *Don Pedro* went into Bed as he was wont to do, and was much astonish'd to see his Wife in her Smock coming to ly down by him. He ask'd her in a great fury, why she was not in Armour? "So
 "I should indeed, *said she to him*, had not another
 "Husband taught me a more pleasant way for a
 "Woman to pass away the Night with her Husband. It seems then you have another Husband,
 "*replies Don Pedro*? Yea, that I have, *says she to him*, so pretty a man, and so handsome, that you
 "will be ravish'd to see him; and yet I know
 "not when we shall see him, for since I receiv'd
 "the last Letter you sent, I could never set Eyes
 "on him.

Don Pedro, smothering the trouble of his thoughts, ask'd her, Who it was? She could not give any further account concerning him, but in requital proffer'd *Don Pedro* to shew him what the other Husband had taught her. The unhappy man pretended himself sick, and it's not unlikely he was so, at least in his mind. He thereupon turn'd from her, and bethinking himself that he had made choice of an Idiot to his Wife, who had not onely done what blemish'd his Reputation, but thought her self not oblig'd to conceal it, he call'd to mind the wholesome advice of the Dutchess, who no doubt would have been pleas'd with the account of this last Adventure of his. He thereupon detested his Error, and was satisfied, though too late; That a virtuous and discreet Woman knows how to observe

serve the Laws of Honour ; and if, out of frailty, she chance to break them, that she can conceal her miscarriage.

At last, taking heart, he resolv'd to submit with patience to a misfortune that was not to be remedied. He continued for a time his pretence of being indisposed, to see whether the Lectures of his Lieutenant had done any thing besides reaching his Wife what he had done better to have taught her himself. They lived together some years afterwards ; he had always an eye over her Actions, and before he died, (having had no Children by her) he left her his whole Estate, upon condition she would become a Nun, and go into the same Convent where *Seraphina* was, whom he acquainted that *Laura* was her Daughter. He writ to *Madrid*, to his Cousin *Don Rodrigues*, and sent him the History of his Life and Adventures, and acknowledged that his embracing of so erroneous an opinion had reduced him to that misfortune which he feared most of any, and against which he thought he had used the greatest precaution.

He died ; *Laura* was neither troubled at it, nor glad of it ; she went into the Nunnery where her Mother was, who finding the Estate left by *Don Pedro* to her Daughter to be very great, founded a Convent, and became the first Abbess of it. The History of *Don Pedro* was divulged after his death, and served to satisfy those that made any doubt of it. *That, without wit, Virtue cannot be perfect ; That a witty Woman may be Virtuous of her self ; And that a simple Woman cannot be such, without the assistance and good directions of some other.*



THE
HYPOCRITES.

The Second Novel.



THE most delightful season of the year was putting the Fields and Trees into a verdant Livery, when a certain Woman came into *Toledo*; a City, which, as well for its antiquity, as its eminence, takes place of any in *Spain*.

The woman was handsome, young, subtil, and such a profess'd enemy to Truth, that for whole years together, that Vertue came not so much as once into her mouth, and what is yet much more to be admir'd, is, that Truth was never the worse for't, at least never complain'd of it. She had either the artifice, or the good fortune to be ever very successful in her lies; and there is not any thing

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more

more certain, than that a fiction of her dressing hath sometimes met with approbation of the severest enemies of Falshood. This was a Science she was so great a professor in, as that her *Discretes* would have furnish'd the best custom'd *Astrologers*, the *Poets*, and the *Mountebanks*: in a word, this natural endowment was such in her, that the conjunction of it with the beauty of her countenance, in a short time, got her pieces of Gold answerably to her insinuations and the crafty designs she carried on. Her eyes were black, sweet, sprightly, full of gallantry, and yet unmerciful Hectors, that had been convicted of four or five murders, and stood charg'd with the suspicion of above fifty, which could not be fully prov'd against them; but as for the unfortunate wretches whom they had wounded, it is hard to ghes, nay indeed to imagine, the number of them. For matter of dressing, she had an excellency and happiness in it beyond any of her sex, insomuch that the least pin fasten'd by her hand wanted not its particular grace. For what especially related to her head, she never troubled any for either advice or assistance; as making her Looking-glass, at the same time, her Council of State, her Council of War, and her Exchequer. How fatal must it be for any man to see such a Woman! since that if he saw her, he could not forbear falling in love with her, and if he lov'd her he could not do it long, and be withal long without trouble.

This Lady, accomplish'd as I have describ'd her, came into *Toledo* just in the close of the evening, much about the time that all the young Gentlemen of quality in the City were preparing for a
Mask

Mask to be represented at the Nuptial solemnity of a strange Lord, who was to be married to a Lady of one of the best Families in the Country. The Windows were become a kind of Firmament, by reason of the Torches which were placed in them, but much more in respect of the Ladies who look'd out at them; the great number of lights having restor'd to the streets that day which the night had depriv'd them of. The Ladies of meaner quality clad in their mantles, discover'd to those who beheld them, no more than what they thought most worth the looking on. Many Bravo'es, or rather (to use the modern word) Trapanners, Blades, and Hectors, were hunting after some prize, a sort of people that great Cities ever were and will be pester'd with, who trouble themselves not much whether their good fortunes be real, provided they be thought such, or at least doubred of; who never set upon any, but in considerable numbers, and that with insolence enough; and who, upon their good faces and a short hanger within their breeches, assume to themselves a jurisdiction over the lives of others, and think to make all the women die for love, and the men for fear. O what work would this day have found the soft-headed Complementers and Cajollers of Woman-kind, and what low and pitiful equivocations were there us'd!

But among the rest, a young man, who, of a Scholar, was not long before turn'd Page, was so prodigal of his Rhetorical fooleries before our Lady errant, as if he had thought beyond all language to express how highly he admir'd her. He had seen her alight out of the Hackney Coach that

brought her, and was so dazled at the sight of her, that, not content with that, he had follow'd her to the house where she had taken a chamber, and thence up and down to all those places whither she went out of a desire to see something. At last the strange Lady, having seated her self in a place she thought convenient to see the Maskers go by, the eloquent Page, dress'd that day all in linnen, much finer than ordinary, had soon fastned on some discourse with her, he being not the first man she had ever seen. Of all the women in the world, she had the best faculty to engage a young conceited fool upon many impertinencies, and that with the greatest insinuation and most unsuspected malice that could be. Imagine then, if finding this Page a Talker beyond all confidence, whether she engag'd him not to speak much more than he knew. She besotted him with flatteries and commendations, and afterwards did what she would with him. She learn'd of him, that he serv'd an old Gentleman of *Andalusia*, Uncle to him who was upon marriage, and upon whose account the whole City was in solemnity; that he was one of the wealthiest men there of his quality; and that he had not any to make his heir but that Nephew, whom he had a great tenderness for, though he were one of the most dissolute young men in all *Spain*, one that fell in love with all the women he saw, and, besides the common Slugs, and such as he could command upon the account of his Gallantry or his Presents, had sometimes exercis'd his satyrical violences upon Maids, without any regard of their qualities and conditions. To this he added, that his riots and extravagances had made him

him a dear Nephew to his Uncle, and out of that reflection was he the more inclin'd to see him married, to try, if upon a change of his condition there would ensue a change of manners.

While the Page was revealing all the secrets and concernments of his Master to her, she still by her soothing and admiring interruptions egg'd him on to further discoveries, making her remarks to those of her company, with what grace and pleasingness he spoke handsome things : and, in fine, omitting nothing that might contribute ought to the undoing of a young man, who had already conceiv'd but too good an opinion of himself. Commendations and applauses coming from a handsome woman that hath some design in it, are dangerous and much to be fear'd. The poor Page had no sooner acquainted *Helenilla* that he was born at *Vailladolid*, but she presently breaks forth into praises of that City and the Inhabitants of it, insomuch that having run her self out of breath in the commendations of them, even to hyperboles, she told the befool'd Page, that of all she had known of that Country, she had not seen any so handsome and accomplish'd as himself. After this last touch of her flattery there needed no more to make an absolute fool of him. She invited him to see her at her lodging, and it is not to be question'd, whether she gave him her hand rather than any other. He felt in himself such agitations of joy, as made him ever and anon do such things as some would have thought him a little crack-brain'd, and he was fully satisfi'd, that a man should never despair of a good fortune how miserable soever he were.

The Lady being come to her chamber caus'd the best Chair to be presented to the Page. He was so besotted with his imaginary happiness, that going to sit down before he had well look'd about him, he fell short of the Chair, his britch took acquaintance with the ground, he scatter'd his cloak, hat, and gloves about the room, and had like to have fallen upon a dagger he had, which in his fall got out of the sheath. *Helenilla* run to help him up, making as much stir as a Tygress robb'd of her young ones: She took up the dagger, and told him, that she could not endure he should wear it any more that day, after the mischief it was like to have done him. The Page got up all he had let fall, and made many pitiful complements suitable to the occasion and the accident.

In the mean time, *Helenilla* made as if she could not recover her self out of the fright she had been put into, and began to admire the neatness of the dagger. The Page told her it came from his old Master, who had sometimes given it to his Nephew, together with a sword and all things belonging thereto, and that he had made choice of it that day before many others that were in his Master's wardrobe, to wear upon some extraordinary occasion. *Helenilla* propos'd to the Page whether she might not go disguis'd to see after what manner persons of quality were married at *Toledo*. The Page told her, the ceremony would not be till midnight, and invited her to a Collation in the Steward's chamber, who was very much his friend. He thereupon took occasion to curse his misfortune, and that he was oblig'd to exchange the most pleasant company in the world for that
of

of his old Master, whom the indisposition incident to age confin'd to his bed. He added that being extremely troubled with the Gout he would not be at the wedding, which was kept at a house in the City far from that of the Count of *Fuensalida* where the old Marquess his Master liv'd. Being upon taking his leave, he was pumping for some handsome complement, when some body knock'd at the door in as much haste as if they had come for a Midwife. *Helenilla* seem'd a little troubled thereat, and desir'd the Page to go into a little closet, where she lock'd him up for a longer time than he thought of. He who knock'd so confidently at the door was a Gallant of *Helenilla's*, who to blind the world she made people believe was her Brother. He was privy to all her leudnesses, and the ordinary instrument of her sleigher pleasures. She immediately gave him an account of the Page who was lock'd up in the closet, and the design she had conceiv'd within her self to squeeze some pieces of Gold out of his old Master, such a design as whereof the execution requir'd no less diligence than subtilty.

Having resolv'd how all things should be carried, the Coach-man was call'd and order'd with all expedition to make ready his Coach, though the poor Beasts which had brought them thither from *Madrid* were sufficiently tir'd. All being in readiness, *Helenilla* and her retinue (which consisted of the dreadful *Montafar*, an old woman called *Mendez*, venerable for a weighty pair of Beads, and a Matronlike carriage and countenance, and a little pigmey of a Lacquey) embark'd themselves in that shatter'd Vessel, and gave command

to drive into the street, where live the *Modern Christians*, whose Faith is of a newer fashion than the cloaths they sell. The Maskers were, still about the streets, insomuch that it happen'd the Bride-groom, disguis'd as the rest, met the Coach wherein *Helenilla* was, and saw that dangerous Stranger, who seem'd to him a *Venus* in triumph, or, to speak a little more hyperbolically, the Sun it self in a Progress. He had such a temptation to her, that a small matter would have put all thoughts of his wedding out of his head, to go and endeavour the conquest of that unknown Beauty; but for that time he had so much command of himself, as that he smother'd a desire violent enough though it were but just sprung in him. He follow'd the Maskers, and the Hackney-Coach kept on its way towards the Brokery, where in a trice, and without two words to the bargain, *Helenilla* bought her a suit of Mourning from head to foot, and put the old woman *Mendez*, her Gallant *Montufar*, and her little Lacquey into the like, and taking Coach again alighted at the house of the Count of *Fuensalide*. The little Lacquey went in, enquir'd out the lodgings of the Marquess of *Villefagnan*, and demanded audience of him for a strange Lady come from the Mountains of *Leon*, who had some business with him of great consequence. The good man was much surpriz'd at the visit of such a Lady, and at such an unseasonable hour. He setled himself in the bed the best he could, order'd his rump'd band, and caus'd to be thrust under his back two cushions more than he had before, to receive so important a visit with greater ceremony.

This

This posture was he in, having his Eyes fastened on the Chamber-door, when he perceives, not without the great admiration of his eyes, nor less disturbance of his heart, the disconsolate *Montufar*, in Mourning down to the ground, accompanied by two Women in the same dress, whereof the younger, whom he led by the hand, and who had some part of her face covered by a thin Hood, seemed to be the most sad, and the more considerable of the two. A Lacquey bore up her Train after her, which had so much stuff in it, as that being held out with advantage, it took up the best part of the Chamber. As soon as they were come within the Chamber-door, they saluted the old Marquess who lay sick a-bed, and gave him a volley of three low reverences, not counting that of the little Lacquey, whose congey was not worth the remembring. Being come to the midst of the Chamber they made three reverences more, all at the same time, and afterwards three more ere they took seats, which were brought them by a young Page, Camerade to him whom *Helemilla* had locked up in her Chamber: but these three last reverences were such, as if the former had been forgotten. The softer, I mean the kinder, part of the old Man's soul was strangely moved thereat; the Ladies sate down, and *Montufar* and the little Lacquey withdrew, bare-headed, to the Chamber-door.

The old Man all this while put himself to no small torment to requite their complements, and was much troubled for their being in Mourning, before he knew the occasion of it, which he intreated them to acquaint him with, as also upon
what

what account they honoured him with a visit at a time so unseasonable for persons of their quality. *Helenilla*, who but too well knew, what compassion a weeping Beauty raises in the beholders, opens the sluices of her fair eyes to let out the tears they seemed to be burdened with, and accompanied them with sighs sometimes loud, sometimes low, as she thought fit, taking occasion ever and anon to put out her Ivory hand to wipe her face, which she also thought it not amiss to discover, to shew it was as troubled, as beautiful.

The old Man expected with much impatience that she should speak, and began to conceive some hopes of it ; for the torrent of tears which had broke forth at her eyes, was already so far fallen and dried up, that the Lillies and Roses it had oreflown were to be seen , when the old *Mendez*, who thought it became her to go on with the doleful part where the other had left, beset her self to weep and sob with so much earnestness, that it was some shame to *Helenilla* to be out-done by a thing that seemed not to have so much moisture in her as the tears she spilt amounted to. Nay, the old Woman thought not that enough, but to have the advantage of *Helenilla*, beyond all dispute, she conceived a handful or two of hair might do well, and prevail much upon the Auditory. No sooner thought than done ; she made a fearful devastation upon her head ; but the troth on't is, she spoiled nothing of her own, nor medled with so much as a hair that ever grew there.

Helenilla and *Mendez* were lamenting in this manner, as if it had been upon a wager, when *Montufar* and the Lacquey, upon a signal agreed betwixt

betwixt them, were heard at the Chamber-door sighing and weeping, though not so violently as those by the Bed-side, who yet upon that new Consort, took occasion to renew their Lamentations. The old Marquess was out of himself to see so much weeping, and not know the occasion of it. He wept too, as well as he could make a shift to do it; sobb'd as vigorously as any in the company, and intreated the distressed Ladies, for Heaven's sake, and all in it, to moderate their affliction, and to acquaint him with the occasion thereof, assuring them his life should be the least thing he would hazard and sacrifice to serve them, and regretting his past youth, as being now incapable to give them effectual demonstrations of the sincerity of his good intentions.

They were a little appeased at these words, their countenances appear'd more pleasant, and they thought they had wept enough, because they could not, without some violence to themselves, weep any more. Besides, they were thrifty of their time, as knowing they had not any to lose. So that the old Woman uncovering her Head, to the end her venerable and Marron-like countenance might give her all the credit she stood in need of, began her declamation in this manner. " May it please God, out
" of his omnipotence, to preserve the Right Ho-
" nourable the Marquess of *Ville-fagnan*, and as-
" ford him all the Health he stands in need of;
" though, to say truth, what we come to acquaint
" him withal be such news, as from which he will
" derive but little joy, which is indeed the flower
" of Health: but the misfortune of our misfor-
" tune is such, that we must communicate it to
" others.

“ others. The Marqueſs gave himſelf a thump on the breaſt with his fiſt, which at the ſame time diſcharged it ſelf of a deep ſigh : “ May it be the pleaſure of Heaven that I am miſtaken, *cries he*, but “ I fear me, this is ſome new pranck, or rather “ ſome extravagance of my Nephew’s, that I am “ like to hear of. Go on, Madam, go on, and pardon me for interrupting you. The old Woman, inſtead of making any answer began to weep afreſh, ſo that *Helenilla* was forced to go on with the diſcourſe. “ Since you know by experience, “ *ſaid ſhe*, that your Nephew is a perſon, that, “ of any man, hath leaſt command of his paſſions, “ and that you have been often troubled to ſmother the reports of his violences, you will be the “ more eaſily induced to credit that which he hath “ done me. Being at *Leon* the laſt Spring, whether I conceive you had ſent him, he meets with “ me in a Church, and upon the firſt ſight told me “ ſuch things, as, had they been true, we ſhould “ both have continued ſtill in that Church to “ avoid the Hands of Juſtice, I as a Murderer, he “ as the dead man I had killed and made ready to “ be put into the ground. He told me a hundred “ times that my eyes had murder’d him, nay, he “ omitted not the leaſt of thoſe flatteries and inſinuations which are ordinary among Lovers, who “ would abuſe their ſimplicity upon whom they “ have ſome deſign. He follow’d me to my Lodging, rode every day up and down before my “ Windows, and every night importuned all the “ Neighbour-hood with the Muſick he intended “ onely for me. At laſt, perceiving that all his “ amorous addreſſes prevailed nothing, he with
“ Presents

“ Presents corrupted a Negro-slave that I had,
“ and, through her treachery and advice, surprized
“ me in a Garden we had in the Suburbs. I had
“ no body with me but the perfidious slave ; he had
“ in company with him a man as lewd as himself,
“ and had given money to the Gardener to go an
“ Errand for him to the other end of the Town,
“ upon pretence of some important business.
“ What need I make many words, he set his Dagger
“ to my Throat, and finding nevertheless that I
“ had a greater value for my Honour than my Life,
“ with the assistance of his Complice, he did that
“ by violence, which all his courtship and impor-
“ tunities should never have obtain’d. The Slave
“ made no small stir, and the better to disguise her
“ perdition, got a sleight wound in one of her
“ hands, and presently after fell into a feigned
“ swoond. The Gardener returns : Your Nephew
“ frightned at the thought of his crime got away
“ over the Garden-wall, with so much precipita-
“ tion that he let fall his Dagger, which I took up.
“ Yet needed not the insolent young man have
“ been in such fear ; for being not in a capacity to
“ cause him to be staid, I might have had that
“ command of myself as to put a good counte-
“ nance on it, and dissemble the horrid misfortune
“ that had happened to me. I did what I could,
“ not to appear more sad than I was wont to do.
“ The wicked slave not long after run quite away.
“ I lost my Mother, and I may say, I had with her
“ lost all, if my Aunt, who is here come along
“ with me, had not had the goodness to give me
“ entertainment, which she does so nobly, as that
“ I have the same treatment with her own two ex-
“ cellent

"cellent Daughters. In her house, it was that I
 "heard, your Nephew is so far from thinking of
 "any reparation for the wrong he hath done me,
 "that he is upon Marriage in this City. I have
 "made the greatest haste I could hither, to the end
 "that before I go out of your Chamber, you
 "should give me in money or jewels two thousand
 "Crowns, to put my self into a Nunnery : for
 "knowing as much as I do by experience of the
 "disposition of your Nephew, I could never fan-
 "cy to marry him, though he and all the Friends
 "he hath should use all the proffers and intreaties
 "that may be to perswade me to it. I know he is
 "to be married this night, but I'll break off the
 "match if I can, at least make a disturbance he
 "shall hear of while he lives, if you do not take
 "that course to prevent it which I propose to you.
 "And that you may be satisfi'd, *added she*, that
 "there cannot be any thing more true, than what
 "I tell you, of the violence your Nephew hath
 "done me, behold the very Dagger he set to my
 "Throat! I wish, God had so pleas'd he had
 "done somewhat more than threatned me with
 "it.

Having given over speaking, she beset her self
 to weeping afresh. *Mendez* kept still a note above
 her, and the musical consort at the door, whereof
 the little Lacquey made the treble and *Montusar*
 the base, was no less ambitious to be heard.

The old Marquess, who had already given but
 too much credit to what had been said to him, by
 the craftiest of all Woman-kind, no sooner cast his
 Eye on the Dagger, but he immediately knew it to
 be the same he had sometime given his Nephew.

All

All therefore his thoughts ran upon was to prevent the disturbance which might happen at his Nephew's wedding. He would gladly have sent for him, but he was afraid some body might be so inquisitive as to ask what should be the occasion of his so doing; and, as it happens our fears are extraordinary when our desires are such, he no sooner perceiv'd the afflicted Ladies making as if they would go and break off the match, which it had cost him abundance of trouble to bring to the posture it was in, but he commands one of the Pages to bring a certain Cabinet, and to take out of it two thousand Crowns in pieces of Gold of four Pistols. *Momus* receiv'd them, and told them very exactly one after another; whereupon the old Marquess, having made them promise to give him a visit the next day, made a thousand excuses to the Ladies, that he was not in a condition to wait on them to their Coach. They got into it very well satisfi'd with their visit, and made the Coach-man drive back again towards *Madrid*, bethinking themselves that if they were pursu'd, it would be towards *Leon*. Their Hostess in the mean time, seeing her guests were vanish'd, goes into the Chamber: She finds the Page in the Closer, who could not imagine what reason they had to lock him in there; she suffer'd him to go his ways because she knew him, or rather because she found all things as should be in the Chamber. Those, who make it their profession to steal, and think of no other way of livelihood, stand in little fear of God, and therefore are so much the more afraid of Men. They are of all Countries, and yet are not of any, and never have any settled habitation. As soon as they have

have set foot in a place, they make their advantages, and then shift into another. This unhappy profession, which is learnt with so much pains and diligence is different from others : for people quit those out of age, or for want of strength ; but a man seldom quits that of stealing unless it be in his youth, and for want of longer life. It must needs be that those, who follow it so closely, find a strange pleasure in it, since, for that, they hazard a great number of years, which, sooner or later, the Executioner cuts them short of.

But alas ! *Helenilla*, *Mendez*, and *Montufar*, were little troubled with such reflections as these : their thoughts were wholly set upon the cruel fear they were in of being pursu'd. They gave the Coach-man double the rate he demanded, that he might make the greater haste, which he honestly did, answerably to his hire ; so that it may be imagin'd that never did hackney Coach make such speed upon the Road to *Madrid*. They had no inclination to sleep, though the night were far spent. *Montufar* was much troubled in mind, and, by his frequent sighing, discover'd more remorse than satisfaction. *Helenilla* ; who saw into his very thoughts, would needs divert him with a relation of the particulars of her life, which till then she had kept from him as a great secret. " Since I see
" thou art somewhat out of order, *said she to him*,
" I will now satisfy the desire thou hast ever had
" to know who I am, and to be inform'd of the
" Adventures that happen'd to me before our acquaintance. 'Twere easie for me to tell thee
" that I am well descended, and give my self an
" illustrious name, as most do : but I will ob-
" serve

“serve that sincerity towards thee, as that I will
“discover to thee even the most inconsiderable
“imperfections of those that brought me into the
“world.

“Thou art then to know, that my Father was
“born in *Galicia*, by profession a Lacquey, or, to
“speak more honourably of him, a Serving-man.
“He had a great veneration for the memory of the
“Patriarch *Noah*, for his excellent invention of
“the Vine, and indeed, abating the inclination
“he had to the juice of that noble Plant, it may
“be said of him, that he car’d not much for the
“temporal goods of this world. My Mother was
“of *Granada*, by condition, (to be free with
“you) a Slave : but there’s no contesting with
“the Stars. She answer’d to the name of *Mary*,
“which her Masters had given her, and it was in-
“deed the name she receiv’d at her Baptism, but
“she would have taken it more kindly if one
“call’d her *Zara*, which was her name before
“she was converted from the *Turkish* Religion ;
“for (since I must tell you all) she was a *Christian*
“lonely out of compliance, and conformity, but
“in heart a *Moor*. Yet would she often go to
“Confession, but rather to discover the sins of
“her Masters, than her own ; and whereas she en-
“ertain’d her Confessor much more with the
“hardships and inconveniences of her Services,
“than her own imperfections, and made him be-
“lieve miracles of her patience ; He, being a very
“holy man, and measuring others by himself, took
“all for true that she said, and, instead of repro-
“ving, commended her, so that who should have
“been near my Mother at Confession, would have
G “heard

“heard nothing but commendations of all sides.
“You are haply desirous to know how I came to
“discover so great a secret, and you may well
“think, I have it not from my Mother; but I am
“naturally much inclin’d to pry into things, and
“young as I was, my Mother never went to Con-
“fession but I got as near her as I could to over-
“hear what she said. Though she were swarthy,
“or rather black, yet was there in her counte-
“nance and making, somewhat that was not un-
“handsome, and above six Knights, Commanders
“of white and red Crosses, have courted her fa-
“vour. She was so charitable, that she divided
“amongst them all, what was so much desir’d by
“every one in particular, and she was of a nature
“so full of acknowledgment towards her Masters,
“that, to requite, in some measure, the trouble
“they had been at in her education from her in-
“fancy, she did all that lay in her power to bring
“them every year a little Slave male or female;
“but Heaven was not pleas’d to further her good
“intentions, for all the little half-Negroes died
“presently after they were born. She was much
“more fortunate in bringing up the children of
“others. Her Masters, who lost all their own as
“soon as they came into the world, made her
“Nurse to a Child given over by the Physicians,
“who yet in a short time, through my Mother’s
“tenderness of it, and the goodness of her Milk,
“discover’d signs of perfect health, and hopes of a
“long life. In requital of this service, my Mother’s
“Mistress gave her her liberty when she died. My
“Mother is now a free-woman; she turns Laun-
“dress, and proves so excellent at it, that in a
“short

“ short time, there was not a Courtier in *Madrid*
“ who thought his Linnen well done unless it
“ came from the *Turkish* Laundress. Now had she
“ leisure and opportunities to put in practice the
“ Lectures which her Mother had sometime read to
“ her, about a familiarity with the people of the
“ other world. She had desisted from that tempt-
“ ing Profession, more out of modesty, and as
“ wearied with the commendations people gave
“ her of being excellent in her Art, than out of
“ any fear of the Magistrate. But now she made it
“ her principal Employment, onely to oblige and
“ pleasure her Friends, and in a short time, she
“ made such considerable acquaintances, and
“ rais’d her self to such credit in the Court of
“ Darkness, that to be a Devil of any reputation
“ there was a necessity of holding a correspon-
“ dence with her. I speak not this out of any va-
“ nity, for I never tell a Lye, added *Helenilla*, and
“ would not give my Mother the commendations
“ of those excellencies which were not in her; but
“ indeed I could do no less than give this testimo-
“ ny to her virtue. The secrets she sold, those she
“ reveal’d, and her Oracular faculty in answering
“ questions (for all which she was pointed at as she
“ went along the Streets) were but ordinary ta-
“ lents among those of her Nation, in comparison
“ of her experience in the business of Maiden-
“ heads. A crack’d Wench, after she had been un-
“ der her hands, went for a better Maid than she
“ was before the Miscarriage, and her Maiden-head
“ sold at a higher rate the second time than the first.
“ She might be about forty years of age when she
“ was married to my Father, honest *Rodrigues*.

“ ’Twas the wonder of the whole Quarter, that a
“ Man who lov’d Wine so well would take a
“ Woman that drunk not any, as observing the
“ Law of *Mahomet*, and one that had her hands
“ perpetually in the Water, as being a Laundress:
“ but my Father made answer, There would be
“ the more Wine for himself, and that Love made
“ all things pleasant. Not long after, he made a
“ shift to get her with child, and, when the time
“ came, she was brought to bed of Me. This joy
“ continu’d not long in our house. For when I
“ was about six years old, a certain Prince would
“ needs put a hundred Lacqueys into Liveries to
“ run down a mad Bull. My Father being one
“ of those that were made choice of, he drunk
“ that day without any discretion, and going in
“ the valour of his drink to oppose the passage of
“ the furious Bull, he was by him toss’d into se-
“ veral pieces. I remember there were Songs
“ made of him, and that it was said upon occasi-
“ on of my Father’s death, that no body car’d
“ for those of his Profession. It was a good
“ while after ere I apprehended it to be a jear put
“ upon him, as if he wore Horns as well as the
“ Bull; but ill tongues will be wagging, nay, to
“ forbid people to be abusive would but make
“ them the more such. My Mother was griev’d at
“ my Father’s death, I also was griev’d at it; she
“ took heart and forgot it, I did the like. Not
“ long after, my Beauty began to make people
“ talk of me. There was no small emulation at
“ *Madrid*, who should take me abroad in a Coach,
“ carry me to Plays, and entertain me with Col-
“ lations upon the Banks of the *Masanares*. My
“ Mother

“Mother was as watchful over me as an *Argus*,
“which I took very heinously ; but it was not
“long, ere I was convinc’d it was for my advan-
“tage. Her severity, and the high rate she set on
“me, made the commodity the more valuable,
“and rais’d an emulation among those whose
“teeth water’d at me. I was to be his that bid
“most ; yet every one thought he had had me
“before his Rival ; and every one imagin’d he
“found that which was gone long before. A rich
“*Geneva* Merchant, whose addressee were onely
“in private, dazled my prudent Mother’s eyes
“with so much Gold, and discover’d so much
“sincerity in his procedure, that she answer’d his
“good intentions as he expected. He had the pre-
“cedency of all others in my favour, but it cost
“him dearly. There was a faithfulness observ’d
“towards him, as long as he was distrustful of
“us ; but as soon as he seem’d persuad’d of our
“faith, we immediately broke it. My Mother
“had too great a sympathy for the sufferings of
“others not to be mov’d at the continual com-
“plaints of my Gallants, all persons of quality
“about the Court, and all very rich. ’Tis true,
“they squander’d not their Gold away as my
“*Geneva* man did ; but my Mother knew how to
“esteem great gains, and yet slighted not the
“small ; besides, she was very obliging out of a
“principle rather of charity than interest. The
“*Geneva* Blade broke, I know not whether we
“were the cause of it. There happen’d to be
“some quarrels upon my account ; the Magistrates
“visited us, rather out of civility than other-
“wise : but my Mother indeed had an aversion

“ for young Lawyers and Scholars, and hated no
“ less the *Hectors* and self-conceited Gallantillo's;
“ who began to haunt us. She therefore thought
“ it her best course to remove to *Sevil*, made mo-
“ ney of all her Goods, and took a return'd Hack-
“ ney Coach for her self and me. We were base-
“ ly betray'd by the Coach-man, robb'd of all
“ we had, and my Mother so unmercifully beaten,
“ because she would not over-readily part with
“ what she had, but oppos'd the Villains as much
“ as her strength would permit, that before we
“ could get to a wretched Inn she fairly died at
“ the foot of a Rock. I pluck'd up a good heart,
“ though I were yet but very young. I felt all
“ about the folds of my Mother's cloaths; but
“ there was nothing to be expected after the exact
“ Searchers that had been there before me. I left
“ her to the mercy of those that pass'd by, not
“ doubting but that in a great Road, such as that
“ between *Madrid* and *Sevil*, there would come
“ by, some people so charitable as to bestow Burial
“ on her. I return'd back again to *Madrid*; my
“ Gallants heard of my misfortune, made a con-
“ tribution to set me up again, so that in a
“ short time I was got into Cloaths, and a House
“ very well furnish'd. About this time was it
“ that I saw thee at a Friend's of mine of the
“ same Profession, and was immediately taken
“ with thy good endowments. I need not give
“ thee any further account of my Life, since that
“ we have ever since liv'd together. We came to
“ *Toledo*; we leave it all in haste; and so well
“ furnish'd with Money, that if thou hadst as
“ much courage as I thought thou hadst had,
“ thou

" thou wouldst be more chearful than thou art.
 " And since the relation I have made to thee hath
 " had the virtue to make thee sleepy, as I perceive
 " by thy reiterated yawnings and noddings of the
 " head, lay it in my lap, and take thy rest. But
 " know, that what ever there may be good and
 " profitable in Fear, before the committing of a
 " crime, proves very base, and very dangerous
 " when it is once committed. Fear ever distracts
 " the mind of the guilty person ; so that instead of
 " avoiding his pursuer, he many times casts himself
 " into his hands.

Montufar fell asleep, and the morning broke
 forth so pleasant and gay, that the birds, the flow-
 ers, and the fountains saluted her, each according
 to their mode ; the birds in singing, the flowers in
 perfuming the air, and the fountains in laughing or
 making a noise, which you please ; one's as good
 as the other.

In the mean time the Marquess of *Villefagnan's*
 Nephew, the sensual *Don Sancho*, was thinking to
 get up from his new Bride, much wearied, and hap-
 pily already cloy'd with the enjoyments of marriage.
 His imagination was full of the beautiful stranger,
 the dangerous *Helenilla*, whom he had seen in the
 Hackney-coach; and represented her to him wholly
 admirable : doing thereby a very great injustice to
 his Wife who was a Lady so handsome and so ac-
 complish'd, that there were not a few in *Toledo* that
 sigh'd for her, while she sigh'd to think on the un-
 kindness of her Husband; and he, fickle Man as he
 was, wish'd himself in the embraces of an infamous
 Scrumper, who communicated her self for a small
 matter to any that had a mind to her. What a

Strange irregularity is this of our Appetite ! A man that hath a handsome wife of his own, hath a greater inclination to one of his maids. A Noble man, who hath his Table ordinarily furnish'd with Bisques and Pheasants, looks on them with disdain, and calls for a mess of Broath, and the plain piece of Beef provided for the Servants. Most people are deprav'd in their taste as to many things, and your great Lords more than any. For having greater Estates than they know what to do withall, and being inclin'd still to seek after what they have not, they are drawn in, to do that which is evil, purely out of diversion : and, to compass their enjoyments, they care not much what pains they are at, nor what time and money they spend, nor think it much to be guilty of base importunities to some scornful Wench to obtain that of her, which she sometimes bestows on others without so much as being intreated to do it.

All this happens through the just permission of Heaven, to punish Men's inclinations to evil by the very inconveniences of the evil. Ah unfortunate *Don Sancho* ! Heaven hath been pleas'd to bless thee with those two things, which, of ought this world affords, can most contribute to thy felicity, wealth in abundance, and a lovely person to thy wife ; wealth, to supply those who deserve, yet have it not ; and, because they have it not, are many times engag'd in those unworthy courses to which poverty reduces the most generous spirits : and a wife, equal to thee as to quality and estate, accomplish'd as to both mind and body, beautiful even in thy eyes, and much more in those of others, who see more clearly in the affairs of other people than they

they do in their own, and, in a word, reserv'd, modest, and virtuous. What dost thou look for abroad? Hast thou not in thy own house thy second self, a Woman, whose ingenious conversation will delight thee, whose body is absolutely at thy devotion, who is tender of thy honour, careful in managing thy house, prudent to improve thy estate, furnishes thee with Children, who divert thee in their youth, and will relieve thee in thy age? What, I say, canst thou look for abroad? I'll tell thee in few words, what will be thy fortune; thou wilt ruine thy self, both as to estate and reputation, thou wilt lose the respect of thy friends, and wilt raise thy self many powerful enemies. Dost thou think thy honour secure because thou hast a virtuous woman to thy wife? Alas! what little experience hast thou of the things of this world, and how little reflect on humane frailty? The surest horse of his feet in the world, and the most at command, slips under an unskilful Rider, and haply gives him a fall. A woman may resist such and such a temptation to do something that's unhandsome; and haply transgress in the highest degree, when she thinks her self most secure. One miscarriage is a trap-door to let in several others after it; and the distance which is between Vertue and Vice, is sometimes but a short day's journey.

But to what end are we troubled with all these moral truths, and of what benefit are they, will *some body* say? And why does that *some body* trouble his head so much? let him make use of them or let them alone, as his convenience shall advise him, however, he may think himself oblig'd

oblig'd to the person who gives them for nothing.

Don Sancho was thinking to get up from his wife, when his Uncle's steward brought him a Letter, giving him an account of the strange Lady, who he could not but think had trapann'd him, because she was not to be heard of in any of the Inns about *Toledo*, where he had caus'd inquiry to be made after her, and in the same Letter intreating him to let him have one of his men to send after the Slut towards *Madrid*, which way he thought she might be gone, for that he had sent people to all the other great Roads that went to the Towns about *Toledo*, that onely to *Madrid* excepted. *Don Sancho* was out of all patience at this news; he found himself assaulted in that part of his soul which was least able to resist, and was elevated to a strange height, to find himself unjustly charg'd with one weakness, though he had been convicted of many. The loss of the mony, and the cheat put upon his Uncle, he was equally enraged at. He made a relation of the business to his wife, and some of his kindred, who were come to visit him the next morning after his marriage; and persisting in the resolution he had taken to do what he intended, notwithstanding the intreaties of his wife and friends, he slips on his cloaths, eats something, then runs to his Uncle's, and thence after he had learn'd of the Page who had brought the Ladies into the old Marquess's chamber, what kind of Coach they were in, how many in company, and by what marks they might be known, he took post for *Madrid*, attended by two servants, in whose courage he repos'd much confidence.

dence. He rode on four or five Stages with so much speed, that he had not the least thought of the beautiful stranger: but his choler being a little evaporated by so violent agitation of his body, *Helenilla* reassumed her former place in his imagination, so beautiful, and attractive, that he was several times in a mind to return to *Toledo*, to find her out. He was a hundred times angry with himself that he had been so far transported upon the trick put upon his Uncle, and often call'd himself an undiscreef person, and an enemy to his own enjoyments, for bruising his body in that manner by riding poste, instead of bestowing his time better in seeking after a happiness, the possession whereof would, in his opinion, raise him to the highest pitch of felicity.

While he was in his amorous reflections, he often spoke to himself, as one distracted, and that so loud, that his servants, who were a pretty distance before him, making a sudden stop, would turn about, and in much haste ride back to know what he would have. "What reason is there, would he cry sometimes, I should leave the place where I saw her? Must I not be the most unhappy man in the world, if this Stranger have left *Toledo* before I get back again thither? Twere no more than my desert, for offering to turn Constable, and running with a Hue and Cry after I know not whom. But if I return to *Toledo*, continu'd he, without doing any thing, what will they say of me, who would have diverted me from such an enterprize? Or must I let a sort of trapanning Rogues go unpunish'd, after such an unheard of affront put upon my
" Uncle,

“ Uncle, and my own reputation so treacherously
 “ wounded.

The dissolute young Spark was thus ballancing of things, when, coming near *Xetaffa*, his servants discover'd *Helenilla's* Coach by the marks that had been given thereof. They presently cri'd out to their Master, that they had taken the Thieves, and not staying till he came up to them, rode full speed after the Coach with their swords drawn. The Coach-man stopp'd extremely frightened; *Montufar* was no less. *Helenilla* caus'd him to remove out of the Boot, and sate there her self, to see what might be done to remedy so great a misfortune. She saw *Don Sancho* coming towards her with his sword drawn, and could perceive nothing in his countenance whence she might promise her self any favour: but the amorous Gentleman had no sooner fasten'd his eyes on her who had already so deeply wounded him, but he was immediately persuaded that his servants were mistaken: For it is natural for a man to have a good opinion of what he loves, and thereupon, as if he had known *Helenilla* from his infancy for a Lady not to be charg'd with any thing unhandsome, he run upon his servants striking at them as hard as he could with the flat of his sword. “ You Rascals, said he to them, have I not given
 “ you sufficient warning to take heed you were
 “ not mistaken? and do you not deserve I should
 “ break your arms and legs for so unmannerly
 “ stopping a Ladie's Coach whose very presence
 “ might have forc'd you to more respect? The
 poor Slaves, who had not been so forward but upon the marks given them by the Page, and saw they
 had

had to do with a woman extremely handsome, an object that raises submissions and respects in the most unciviliz'd souls, avoided, by getting out of the way, the fury of their Master, and thought he had reason to be angry, and that it was an excess of his kindness that he had not sufficiently loaded them with blows.

Don Sancho, having thus disengag'd his servants, crav'd pardon of *Helenilla*, and told her upon what ground his presumptuous servants were like to have done her some violence, which she knew as well as himself. He intreated her to consider how apt a person blinded with choler is to be mistaken. "Do but see, I beseech you, said he, into what inconveniences servants may engage their Masters? Had I not been with these Villains that came along with me, they had upon very uncertain appearances put the whole Country into an Allarm, and having the power in their own hands, would have brought you to *Toledo*, as a Thief. Not indeed but that you are such, added he, composing himself to mildness, but the Robberies you are guilty of are rather those of hearts than any thing else. *Helenilla* acknowledg'd the indulgence of Heaven towards her, in bestowing on her a face which pleaded her exemption from punishment, notwithstanding the many leudnesses she was ordinarily guilty of, and assuming a confidence which banish'd the fear she had been in, she answer'd *Don Sancho* with much modesty and in few words, as knowing that for one to be over-earnest in disclaiming a thing laid to his charge increases the suspicion of his guilt. *Don Sancho* could not but

but admire he should meet with what he sought, after so strange a manner; and, besotted as he was, thought Heaven prosper'd his designs, since it had prevented him from returning to *Toledo*, as he had several times thought to have done: which no doubt had been to avoid that good which he sought after with so much earnestness. He ask'd *Helenilla* her name, and the place of her abode at *Madrid*, and intreated her not to take it amiss if he waited on her thither, to confirm the proffers he had made her of his services. *Helenilla* gave him such an account of both as he was for the present satisfi'd with, and told him she should think her self very happy to receive his visits. He proffer'd to wait on her all along the way, but she would by no means permit it, representing to him that she was married, and that her Husband was to meet her in a Coach, and whisper'd him in the ear, that she was somewhat distrustful of her own servants, but above all stood in fear of the displeasure of her Husband.

This slight expression of confidence rais'd in *Don Sancho* an imagination that she had some kindness for him. He took leave of her, and, carryed more upon his own hopes than the Post-horse he had under him, (if I may so say) he set forward towards *Madrid*. He was no sooner arriv'd but he made enquiry after *Helenilla* and her habitation, according to the directions she had given him. His servants were tir'd to find her out, and the endeavours of his friends were not spar'd, yet all to no purpose. *Helenilla*, *Montufar*, and the venerable *Mendez*, were no sooner got to *Madrid* but they were thinking which way

way to get out of it. They were sensible they could not avoid the Cavalier of *Toledo*, if they staid there, and that if they gave him a more particular account of their persons and quality, they should find him as dangerous an Enemy, as they thought him then their passionate Servant. *Helenilla* put all the goods she had into a sure hand, and the very next day after her arrival, putting her self and her train into the habit of Pilgrims, she took her way towards *Burgos*, the place where *Mendez* was born, and where she had still a sister living, of the same profession with her self.

In the mean time, *Don Sancho* out of all hopes of meeting with *Helenilla*, returns to *Toledo*, with so much shame and confusion, that from his departure out of *Madrid* till he came to his own house, he was not heard to speak one word. After he had saluted his wife, who entertain'd him with thousands of caresses and kindneses, she gave him some Letters from his Brother, wherein he found that he lay very sick at one of the chiefest Cities of *Spain*, where he possess'd the greatest dignities of the Cathedral Church, and was one of the richest Clergy-men in that Country. He staid but one night at *Toledo*, and the next morning took Poste, to go and see his Brother recover'd, or possess himself of what he left if he di'd.

While *Don Sancho* is upon his way to his Brother, *Helenilla* is upon hers to *Burgos*, having conceiv'd a dissatisfaction of *Montufar* greater than the love she had sometimes born him. He had express'd so little resolution, when *Don Sancho* and his servants stopp'd the Coach, that she made

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no doubt but he was an arrant coward. Out of this reflection was he become so odious to her, that it was with some violence to her self that she could endure the sight of him, insomuch that her thoughts were wholly taken up to find out some way to be rid of this domestick Tyrant: and till it were done comforted her self with the hope of seeing her self ere long at liberty and her own disposal. This advice was given her by *Mendez*, which prevail'd the more upon her, for that it was fortifi'd with all the reasons which her prudence could suggest. She could not endure, that in a house, where she was to live, there should be any *Montufar* to command her, who should have the Mistress of it, at his devotion; and, not doing any thing towards it, spend what they both had much ado to get. She perpetually represented to *Helenilla* the wretchedness of her condition, comparing it to that of the Slaves employ'd in the Mines, who to enrich their Masters with the Gold which they take so much pains to force out of the earth, and instead of being better treated for their endeavours, are many times rewarded with blows. She would be always telling her, that Beauty is a flower, and consequently of no long continuance, and that her Looking-glass, which then represented to her but what was most amiable, and ever spoke to her advantage, would soon entertain her with objects she should be little satisfi'd with, and tell her such news as she should not be well pleas'd at. "Assure your self, Madam, said she to her, that a woman once turn'd of thirty, loses something particular of beauty every six months, and makes new discoveries every day, either

"either in her body or face, of some spot, or some
 "wrinkle. 'Tis the malice of Time to make
 "young Women old, and to make old Women
 "wrinkled. If a Woman that's grown rich, at
 "the cost of her modesty and reputation, meets
 "nevertheless with the contempt and reproaches
 "of the world; what horror must she needs raise
 "in people, who through want of conduct is re-
 "duc'd to both poverty and infamy? upon what
 "ground can she hope to be reliev'd in her
 "misery? If with the wealth you have made a shift
 "to get, by such courses as are not approv'd of
 "by all the world, you rais'd the fortunes of some
 "deserving virtuous person, who would in requi-
 "tal marry you, it were an action acceptable in
 "the sight of God and Men; and the end of your
 "Life would expiate the beginning of it.: but to
 "cast your self away as you do, by being at the
 "disposal of a Raskal, as lewd as cowardly, one
 "whose great achievements consists in the trap-
 "panning of Women, who yet are never gain'd
 "by him but with Threats, nor kept but by Ty-
 "ranny, is, me-thinks, the direct way to bring your
 "self to the greatest extremities imaginable, and
 "to be the Author of your own ruine.

With these and the like arguments did the ju-
 dicious *Mendez*, who was much better at speak-
 ing than doing, endeavour to exasperate *Helenilla*
 against *Montufar*, whom she still lov'd, though ra-
 ther because she was accusom'd to it than that she
 could give any reason for it; as indeed having too
 long experience of his manners, not to have found
 out of her self all the specious inducements laid
 down to her by her old Remembrancer. Yet did

H

they

they not prove ineffectual. *Helenilla* took them in very good part, and the more readily for that *Mendez* advis'd her to things which she her self would be not a little the better for, if she should put them in execution; so that perceiving *Montufar* coming up to them, being to go together to *Guadarrama*, where they were to dine that day, they put it off to another time to consider of the course they should take to be rid of him, so as never to have a sight of him again.

All Dinner-time he seemed to be indispos'd, having no stomach at all to any thing, and as he rose from table, he was taken with a shivering, and not long after with a violent feavour, which stuck close to him the rest of that day and all night; and the violence of it being augmented towards the morning, put *Helenilla* and *Mendez* into good hopes the feavour would do them a courtesie, though 'twere onely to free them from further trouble how to shake him off. *Montufar* finding himself so weak as that he was not able to stand, told the Ladies they must not stir from *Guadarrama*; that a Physician must be had, what ever it cost; and that all imaginable care should be taken of him. This was said with so much imperiousness and authority, as if he had spoken to Slaves, and that their Lives and all things else were absolutely at his disposal. His Body in the mean time became more and more weak of the Feavour, which had reduc'd him to such a condition, as that, had it not been for his often calling for drink, he might have been given over for a Dead man.

There was no small stir about the Inn, that a Confessor was not all this while brought to him,
that

that he might, as a good Christian, discharge his Conscience in this world, before he took his journey for the next. At last, while the Good man was gone for, *Helenilla* and *Mendez*, making no doubt but the Feavour would carry him away, came to him, and sitting down on both sides of his bed, *Helenilla* broke her mind to him in these terms.

"If thou hast so much memory left, dearest
 "*Montusar*, as to remember after what manner
 "thou hast ever liv'd with me, that is, how thou
 "hast behav'd thy self towards one who had lay'd
 "the greatest obligations imaginable upon thee,
 "as also towards *Mendez*, a person venerable
 "upon the account of her Sex, her Age, and her
 "Virtue, thou wilt not be so fond as to imagine,
 "I should importune God Almighty for the re-
 "covery of thy health: but though I were as de-
 "sirous of it, as I have reason to wish thy de-
 "struction, yet is there a necessity we poor mor-
 "tals should comply with his holy disposal of
 "us and ours, and that I should offer up, my self,
 "what sometime I had most doated on, and had
 "been most dear to me. But to deal freely with
 "thee, we begin to be so weary of thy Tyranny,
 "that our separation was unavoidable, and, if God
 "had not brought things to this pass, we should
 "have had that consideration of our own hap-
 "piness as to have endeavour'd it otherwise.
 "Thou art going with all expedition to the other
 "world, we envy thee not the good entertainment,
 "thou wilt find there: but, hadst thou been or-
 "dain'd to make any longer stay here, we should,
 "to avoid thy insupportable company and beha-

"viour, have remov'd into some part of *SPAIN*,
 "where we should have thought no more of thee;
 "than if there never had been any such thing as
 "thou art in the world! Thou think'st life sweet,
 "but if thou consider well how thou hast liv'd,
 "thou hast much reason to take thy death kindly,
 "since Heaven, for reasons unknown to men, sends
 "it thee in a more honourable way than thou
 "hast deserv'd, permitting a Feaver to do that,
 "which the Executioner does to persons less wick-
 "ed than thou hast been, or Fear to such white-
 "liver'd cowardly Raskals as thou art. But, my
 "dear *Montufar*, before our final separation, speak
 "to me sincerely once in thy life. Is it true, that
 "thou didst really expect I should stay here to
 "look to thee and nurse thee up? Alas, suffer not
 "these vanities to come into thy mind, so near
 "thy death. So little regard have I of thy wel-
 "fare, that were it to restore thy whole Race, I
 "would not stay a quarter of an hour here.
 "Make friends, and get into the Hospiral, if thy
 "Disease do not dispatch thee the sooner; and
 "since all the advice I ever gave thee hath been
 "for thy good, do not slight the last I am like to
 "give thee. 'Tis this, my poor *Montufar*; Not
 "to trouble thy self to send for any Physician, as
 "knowing, he will forbid thee the drinking of
 "Wine, which, without any Feaver, is enough
 "to make an end of thee in four and twenty
 "hours.

While *Helenilla* was making this Funeral Ser-
 mon to her once much beloved *Montufar*, the
 charitable *Mondez* ever and anon felt his Pulse,
 and laid her hand on his forehead; and perceiving
 her

her Mistress had given over speaking, she would
needs also give him a departing Lecture. "Your
"Lordship's head, *said she to him*, burns extreme-
"ly, and I am much in fear this unhappy accident
"will be the occasion of your marching off to see
"your friends in the other world, without afford-
"ing you the time to come to your self again.
"Take therefore this pair of Beads, *added she*,
"and fall devoutly to your prayers till such time
"as the Confessor comes. You will be so far in
"your way as to the discharge of your Con-
"science. But if credit may be given to the Hi-
"storographers of the Prison for Malefactors at
"Madrid, who have so often had occasion to
"spend their Pens in setting down your archieve-
"ments, your Lordship's exemplary life may well
"exempt you from much Penance; besides that,
"God, who is very merciful, will no doubt put
"to your account in Heaven, the glorious progress
"you made bare-shoulder'd through the principal
"Streets of *Sevil*, in the sight of so many people,
"and guarded by Beadles, and other Officers of
"the Garrison of common Rogues, Cut-purses,
"and House-breakers. You may also produce as
"an acquittance for your further discharge, the
"Voyage you made by Sea, during which, *viz.*
"for the space of six years, you did many things
"not displeasing to God, taking much pains, eat-
"ing little, and being still in danger, and conse-
"quently the more devout; but what is more
"considerable, is, that you were hardly twenty
"years of age, when, to the great edification of
"your Neighbour you began that holy Pilgri-
"mage. Moreover, it is very probable you will

“ be well recompens’d in the other world for another thing, which is, your care, that the Women
 “ who have had any dependance on you, should
 “ not be idle or want something to do, making
 “ them work, and live, not onely by the labour of
 “ their hands, but that of their whole body. To
 “ this I may add, that if you dye in your Bed, you
 “ will put a pleasant trick upon the Judge of
 “ *Murcia*, who hath solemnly sworn, he would
 “ sentence you to dye upon the Wheel, who expects
 “ the satisfaction to see it; and who must
 “ needs be enrag’d when it shall be told him, that
 “ you dy’d of your self, without the assistance of any
 “ third person. But I trifle away the day here in
 “ talking, and never think it is time to set forward
 “ on the journey we have a desire to make. Fare-
 “ well, dear Friend that hath been, receive this
 “ last Hugg as heartily as I bestow it on you, for I
 “ think we shall never see one another again.
 With which words *Mendez* casting her arms about
 his neck embrac’d him with so much kindness, as
 that, had she us’d a little more, it had stifled him :
Helenilla did the like, and with that Complement
 left the Chamber, and, without calling for any account,
 soon after, the Inn also.

Montufar, who was us’d to their Abuses, who
 had also the faculty to return them as good as they
 brought, and who fondly imagin’d all they had
 said to him, was onely for his diversion, look’d on
 them as they departed from him, without the least
 suspicion, more inclin’d to conceive they went to
 give order for his Broths. He soon after, out of
 pure security, fell into a little Drowsiness, which
 held him so long as that the two Gentlewomen
 might

might well be gotten a League or better in their way, before he was perfectly awake. He ask'd the Hostess for them, who told him they were gone abroad, and had given order he should not be disturb'd, for that he wanted sleep very much, having not clos'd his Eyes all the night before.

Upon this account of them, *Montufar* began to believe, the Ladies had spoken to him in good earnest. He swore at such a rate as would have made some think the Earth might open and swallow down the Inn and all in it; he threatned even to the very way they travell'd on, and the Sun that lighted them. He would needs get up to put on his Cloaths, and had almost broke his Neck in attempting it, such was his weakness. The Hostess endeavour'd to excuse the Ladies, and did it the best she could, but with such impertinent Reasons that the sick man was the more enrag'd, and fell out with her. He was so incens'd that for four and twenty hours nothing went down his throat, and that diet with abundance of rage and fury prov'd so effectual, that after the taking of a certain Broath, he found himself strong enough to pursue his fugitive Slaves. They were got as far before him as they were able to travel in two days; but two Hackney Mules, he fortunately met with upon their return to *Burgos*, contributed as much to his design as it prov'd fatal to that of the two counterfeit Pilgrims. He overtook them within six or seven Leagues of *Burgos*. They grew pale, and then blush'd when they saw him, and excus'd themselves, if any such thing could be done. *Montufar* smother'd his anger, for very joy that

he had found them, which he could not forbear expressing in his very countenance. He first broke forth into a Laughter at the trick they had put upon him, and rais'd them to such security, that they thought him the veriest Sor they had ever met with. He thereupon made them believe they were out of the way to *Burgos*, and having (to bring them into it) led them among Rocks and Precipices, such places as he knew no man travell'd through, he drew a long Dagger, an Instrument for which they had ever had a great respect; and commanded them very imperiously to make present delivery of what Gold, Silver, and Jewels they had. They thought at first with their tears to have pacifi'd him so far as to bring the business to some composition. *Helenilla* was very prodigal of them for her part, casting withall her arms about his Neck; but the unmerciful *Hector* grew so insolent upon their submissions, that he would not hear of any thing by way of treaty, and once more gave them the peremptory word of command, allowing them but half a quarter of an hour to resolve whether they would deliver or no. There was no way but to sacrifice their Purfes to the safety of their Persons, so that with much regret they parted with what was dearer to them than their very entrails. Yet was not *Montufar's* revenge satisfi'd with that. He pull'd out of his Pocket a parcel of Whip-cord which he had bought on purpose for such an execution, and having ty'd them to several Trees one against the other, he told them, with a treacherous smile, that, out of a certain knowledge he had of their negligence in doing Penance from time to time for their sins,

fin, he would, for the good of their souls, give them a little discipline with his own hands, that they might remember him in their Prayers. The Sentence pronounc'd was immediately put in execution, with branches of green Broom that grew thereabouts in abundance, he having so much mercy in his justice as not to do it with the Whipcord, whereof he had had himself experience both of the weight and smart, notwithstanding the grave reproaches of *Mendez* not long before to that purpose.

Having disciplin'd them till he grew weary, at the cost of their poor skins, he sat him down between the two Patients, and turning himself to *Helenilla*, entertain'd her somewhat to this effect. "My dearest *Helenilla*, said he, be not so much displeas'd with me, for what hath happen'd between us, till thou hast considered my good intention in it, and thereupon reflected, that every one is oblig'd in conscience to follow his vocation : it is thine to commit leud actions and to be mischievous ; it is mine (the world consisting of good and evil) to punish leudness and mischief where I meet with them. Thou know'st better than any one, whether I discharge my duty as an honest man should, and thou art to assure thy self, since I chastise thee so heartily, that I love thee no less. Were it not that it is more pardonable in me to be tender of my duty, than inclin'd to compassion, I should not leave a Gentlewoman so well descended, and so virtuous, stark nak'd ri'd to a Tree at the mercy of the first that passes by. Thy illustrious birth, which thou not long since gavest me an account
"of,

“of, deserves another destiny ; but be ingenuous,
“and acknowledge thou wouldst do no less thy
“self, if thou wert in my place. What will prove
“thy greatest misfortune, is, that, having been so
“common as thou hast, it will not be long ere
“thou art known, and then it is to be fear’d, that
“out of a Maxim of Policy, to the perpetual
“terroure of publick sinners, order will be given
“for the burning of this mischievous Tree,
“whereto thou art as it were incorporated, to-
“gether with the wicked fruit that grows on it :
“but in recompence, if thou hast onely a fear of
“all the evils thou bringest on thy self, thou wilt
“one day make very pleasant relations of thy ad-
“ventures, and have this to adde, that, by the
“patient suffering of one hard night, thou shalt
“have acquir’d an excellency, which will be much
“talk’d of amongst the many other thou art Mi-
“stress of already ; and that is, my dear *quon-*
“*dam*-acquaintance, the knack of being able to
“sleep standing.

“But the charitable *Mendez* might justly quar-
“rel at my incivility, if I should continue my
“discourse any longer to thee, without so much
“as turning my face towards her, who was so free
“of her advice and assistance in my sickness : and
“I should be much wanting as to the duty I owe
“my Neighbour, if I should not out of a like mo-
“tive of charity give her some advice suitable to
“the present posture of her affairs. They are in-
“deed, *added he, turning towards Mendez,* in a
“much worse condition than you haply imagine ;
“recommend your self therefore earnestly to the
“goodness of God, though it be the first time
“you

“you ever did it : let your many wrinkles be as
“many remembrancers of the decays of your Mi-
“crocosm, and your inability to overcome this
“days persecution ; were it the pleasure of
“Heaven you might have a Confessor as easily as
“it is certain you stand in need of one. Not but
“that you may derive much quiet of thought
“and conscience from the exemplary life you
“have led ; since you have always been so exces-
“sively charitable, that, instead of repining at the
“imperfections and miscarriages of others, you
“have repair’d those of an infinire number of
“young Maids. Besides, shall there be no account
“made for the pains you have taken in studying
“the most occult Sciences ? ’Tis true, the *Inqui-*
“*sition* lov’d you never the better for it, nay, be-
“stow’d on you some publick marks of its dis-
“affection ; but you know, it consists of knowing
“men, and that there is ever an envy and emula-
“tion between persons of the same profession.
“Nay, they do much more, that is, they are far
“from any confidence of your salvation ; but it
“matters not, Custom makes all things tolerable,
“even in Hell it self, where it cannot be but that
“you must expect much kindness from the Inha-
“bitants of the place, as having held a great corre-
“spondence with them during your living here. I
“have but a word more to tell you, which is, that
“I might have chastis’d you much after another
“manner ; but it came into my thoughts, that it is
“ordinary with old people to become children
“again ; that you are old enough to be return’d to
“your first state of innocence, and consequently
“that a Rod was a more proper instrument to pu-
“nish

“ nish you for the raskally childish trick you put
“ upon me, than any other: and so I take my leave,
“ recommending the care of your persons to your
“ own dear selves.

Having thus had the satisfaction to return their abuses, he went his ways, and left them rather dead than living, not so much through the grievousness of the chastisement they had receiv'd, as that he had carried with him all they had, and left them alone, bound to their good behaviour in a place, where, for ought they knew, they might become food for the Wolves.

They were very mournfully looking one upon the other, without saying any thing, when there passes by between them a Hare, which had not gone far ere they perceiv'd a Dog in pursuit of her, and at some distance after the Dog, a Gentleman on Horse-back, and that no other than *Don Sancho* of *Villefagnan*, who was come to *Burgos*, to see his Brother, whom he heard to have lien sick, and with whom he then sojourn'd at a Country house he had not far off thence, whither he was come to take the air. He thought it a strange spectacle to see two Women bound in that manner to Trees, and was much surpriz'd when he finds in the countenance of one of them, that of the beautiful Stranger he had seen at *Toledo*, whom he had made so much enquiry after at *Madrid*, and who was perpetually present to his imagination. But whereas he had, upon the first sight of her, conceiv'd a strong impression that she was a Woman of quality and married, he continu'd for a while in some doubt whether it were she, as finding it a hard matter to be convinc'd, that she

durst

durst presume to come so far in so poor an equipage, as he might perceive by her cloaths : but the countenance of *Helenilla*, which, though cast down and betraying a certain fright, had lost nothing of its beauty, satisfi'd him at length that he had found what had cost him so many desires and disturbances. He lifted himself up upon the stirrups, and look'd all about him to see if he were all alone, and he was simple enough to fear it was some diabolical illusion (God so permitting it) sent to punish him for his debauches and sensuality. *Helenilla* for her part had a reflection that was not much better, and was no less in fear, that Heaven had made choice of that day; to bring about her all those who had any thing to call her to an account for. *Don Sancho* beheld *Helenilla* with much astonishment ; she him with much distraction, each of them expecting the other should first speak ; and *Don Sancho* was at last going to fall into some discourse with her, when he perceives one of the Pages coming in full speed towards him, whereupon advancing to know what the matter was, the other told him, that the young Gentlemen, his Cousins, were together by the ears ready to kill one another. He made all the haste he could, follow'd by the Page, to the place where he had left his company, and finds four or five of them in the heat of their drink railing one at another with their swords drawn, and, at some distance, employing their drunken valour in cuts and slashes, which cost some of the adjacent Trees the loss of many a fair and hopeful branch.

Don Sancho, enrag'd at his being depriv'd the pleasant

pleasant vision he had lost, upon so frivolous an occasion, did what he could to appease those irconcilable, yet not very dreadful, enemies; but his arguments, his intreaties, and his menaces had prevail'd but little with them, if the weariness they were in, and the wine which disturb'd their brains had not laid them so often on the ground, as at last to fasten them to it, and set them a snoring as peaceably as they had at first with too much violence fallen out.

Leaving them so quieted of themselves, *Don Sancho* took his way back again towards the happy Tree, unto which he had left the Idol of his heart in a manner metamorphos'd; but his astonishment not to find there what he sought for, was greater than it had been upon the sight of her before. He rode about it several times to see if with earnest looking he might find what was not there; and not satisfi'd with that, look'd all about him, yet could discover nothing but a sad Wilderness. he rode up and down to all the places thereabouts, and returns again to the Tree, which, dull Plant as it was, never stirr'd for all the trouble he put himself to.

Don Sancho, as I told you, had such a devotion for the female sex, that he could love any Woman at the first sight: but to compass his desires, if money would not do, he would spare no courtship, no addresses, no submissions, no services, no importunity to do it. This you'll say was the onely way to make a man a Poet, if he were capable of it. *Don Sancho* indeed could do pretty well at it, and was very happy in the humouring of any accident good or bad: and whereas the odness of the subject

ject given a Poet heightens his fancy, if he have it anything strong, he thought the adventure had happen'd to him so strange, that it would have been insensibility in him, great as that of the Tree itself, not to say something to it. Having therefore alighted, he discover'd his Poetry to it in these words, if it be true at least, that he was as great a Fool as I am told he was. "O most happy, and
 "most to be envi'd Tree! since thou hast been felicitiz'd with the embraces of her whom I love,
 "though I have no great knowledge of her, and
 "whom I would not know but to love her, may
 "thy leaves be migled among the Stars, may the
 "sacrilegious Ax never offer the least violence to
 "thy sacred and tender bark; may the Thunder
 "bear a respect to thy boughes, and the worms of
 "the earth to thy roots; may the harsh Winter
 "spare thee, the Spring enrich thee, may the loftiest Pines envy thee; and, to conclude, may
 "Heaven protect thee.

While the vertuous Gentleman was exhausting himself in fruitless regrets; or, if you will, in bemoaning Poetical ejaculations, which are of greater importance than any other; and which it is too violent an exercise for a man to make use of every day; his servants, who knew not what was become of him, after a good while's search, found him, and came about him. He return'd to his Brother's very melancholly, and, if I am not mistaken in what I have been told, he went to bed supper-less.

But 'tis not easily credible, how many irons one that tells a story, or writes a Novel, may have in the fire at once. He that tells the story, it being suppos'd

pos'd he speaks to more than one, is troubled many times to guess at what circumstances of it the greatest part of his Auditory sticks, and is impatient to have it prosecuted: the other, though it may happen he hath to do but with one at a time (for, now the world grows more and more learned, people think it more edifying to read things of that nature themselves) is subject to the same inconveniences, not knowing where the Reader would have the design prosecuted, where interrupted by some unthought-of accident: This brought into my thoughts, that the Reader I have now to do with, may think I leave him too long in suspense, as being haply impatient to know, by what enchantment *Helenilla* and *Mendez* had been snatch'd away from the sight of the amorous *DON SANCHO*. Let him have but ever so little patience; I am just going to tell him.

Montufar upon his departure from them was much pleas'd in himself at the piece of justice he had done; but as soon as the fury of his revenge began to admit remission, his Love was proportionably re-inflam'd, and represented *Helenilla* to his imagination more beautiful than ever he had seen her. He concluded from her great patience in receiving so cruel a chastisement (when she saw there was no remedy but to endure it) that she must needs be of an excellent and tractable disposition, and much inclin'd to forget and forgive injuries. He consider'd with himself, that what he had taken away from them would be soon spent, and that her Beauty was a sealed and constant revenue to him, while he continu'd in her

favour;

favour, the want of whose company he already thought insupportable. Upon these considerations, he made all the haste he could back, and the same barbarous hands which had with so little remorse fasten'd to the Trees the two Fugitives, and had afterwards so unmercifully swept their back-sides with good green Broom, knock'd off their Chains, I would say, cut asunder, or untie'd their Cords, and set them at liberty, while *Don Sancho* was Christianly employ'd in reconciling those of his Drunken company who were fallen out.

Montufar, *Helenilla*, and *Mendez*, became good Friends again as they went along, and having reciprocally promis'd to forget all dissatisfactions and differences, embrac'd one another with as much tenderness for their reconciliation, as regret for what was past; doing just as the Great ones do, who neither love nor hate any thing, and who accommodate those two contrary passions to their advantages, and the present state of their affairs. They held a Council concerning the way they should take. Their Politicks advis'd them to forbear going to *Burgos*, where they might be in danger to meet with the Gentleman of *Toledo*: They therefore made choice of *Sevil* for their retreat, and it seem'd to them that fortune seconded their design, since that, as they came into *Madrid-Road*, they met with a Mule-driver, who had three return'd Mules he could dispose of, and which he was glad to let them have to carry them to *Sevil*, upon the first proposition made by *Montufar* to that purpose. He treated the Ladies upon
I the

the way very civilly, to make them forget the ill treatment they had receiv'd from him. They at first were somewhat distrustful of his insinuations, and resolv'd to be reveng'd on him upon the first opportunity : but at last, more out of policy than any consideration of virtue, they became greater friends than ever. They bethought themselves, that Discord had ruin'd the greatest Empires, and were convinc'd, that, in all appearance, they were born one for another. They play'd not any trick of their Profession in their journey to *Sevil* ; for having their thoughts sufficiently taken up with their removal out of a Country where enquiry might be made after them, they were afraid to run themselves into new inconveniences, which might hinder their going to *Sevil*, where they had great designs to carry on.

They alighted a League short of the City, and having satisfi'd the Mule-driver, made their entrance into it at the close of the Evening, and took up their Lodging in the first Inn they came to. *Montufar* took a House, furnish'd it, but meanly enough, and put himself into a black Suit, a Cassock, and a long Cloak. *Helenilla* put her self into the habit of a Religious woman, having her hair so closely imprison'd, as there was not ought to be seen; and *Mendez*, clad like a devout Matron, got her a pair of Beads, of such bigness as might well serve as Case-shot for a small piece of Ordnance. For some days immediately after their arrival, *Montufar* walk'd up and down the Streets, habited, as I have describ'd him, with his Arms a-cross, and casting down his Eyes when
ever

ever he met with any of the female Sex. He cry'd out ever and anon, with a voice that would break the very stones : *Blessed be the most blessed Sacrament of the Altar, and the ever-happy Conception of the immaculate Virgin*, with several other exclamations of the same kind. He caus'd the same things to be repeated by the Children he met with in the Streets, and got them together many times to make them sing Hymns and godly Songs, and to teach them their Catechism. He often visited the Prisons, preach'd to the Prisoners, comforted some, ministered to others, bringing them Victuals, and many times carrying from the Market a heavy Basket fill'd with such things as he had either begg'd or provided for them. Oh detestable Rogue ! it seems there wanted onely thy turning Hypocrite, to make thee the most accomplish'd Villain the Earth ever groan'd under !

These virtuous actions, done by the greatest enemy to Virtue of all mankind, in a short time rais'd him into the reputation of a Saint. *Helenilla* and *Mendez*, for their parts, did such things as made people begin to talk of their Canonization. One pretended to be Mother, the other, Sister of the blessed Brother *Martin*. They went every day to the Hospitals ; waited on the sick, made their beds, wash'd their Linnen, and, if they wanted, accommodated them at their own charge.

Thus were the three most vicious Persons in all *Spain* become the admiration of *Sevil*. Much about this time there happen'd to come thither a Gentleman of *Madrid*, about some occasions of his own. He had been one of the acquaintances of

Helenilla; for such Women as turn common, supply many in their time : he knew *Mendez* to be no better than she should be, and had so much experience of *Montufar*, as to take him for no other than a dangerous cheat and a Pandar. One day, as they were coming all three together from Church, follow'd by a great number of persons, who kiss'd their Vestments, and intreated them to be mindful of them in their Prayers, they were discover'd by the Gentleman I spoke of ; who, upon sight of them being enflam'd with a Christian zeal, and notable to endure that three persons so transcendently wicked should abuse the credulity of a whole City, broke through the multitude, and coming up to *Montufar* gave him a hearty blow over the face. Abominable cheats ! cries he to them ! Do you neither fear God nor Man ? He would have said something else : but his good intention met not with the success it deserv'd, it being not onely imprudent, but dangerous, to be over-precipitate in the discovery of any thing. All the people fell upon him, looking on him as one that had committed Sacrilege in his incivility towards their Saint. He was soon lay'd on the ground, loaden with blows and kicks, and no doubt had lost his Life among them, if *Montufar*, through a miraculous readiness of wit, had not taken him into his protection, covering him with his body, thrusting away the most earnest to beat him, nay, exposing himself to their fury and blows. " My dearest Brethren, Crys he as loud as he could, let him alone " for the holy Jesus sake ; for the B. Virgin's sake, " be not so violent.

These

These few words lay'd that great Tempest; and the people, as easily quieted as they had been stirr'd up, made way for B. Martin, who came up to the unfortunate Gentleman, glad in his Soul to see him so treated, but discovering in his countenance a great trouble thereat. He rais'd him up from the ground where he tumbled over and over, embrac'd him, and kiss'd him, though all blood and dirt, and reproved the people very sharply for their rudeness. "I am indeed, the wicked wretch, *said he to those who had any desire to hear him*, I am the Sinner, I am he that never did any thing pleasing in the sight of God. Do you imagine, *continued he*, because you see me now clad like an honest Man, that I have not been all my Life a Thief? a scandal to others, and my own ruine? Let me be the object of your Injuries; 'tis at me you ought to cast Dirt and Stones, it is my Blood your Swords thirst after.

Having said these words with a personated mildness, and thereby absolutely quieted the people, he went, with a zeal yet more counterfeited, and cast himself at the feet of his Enemy, and kissing them, he not onely ask'd him pardon, but got him again his Sword, Cloak, and Hat, which had been lost in the Tumult. He put them about him, and having led him by the hand to the end of the Street parted from him, after he had bestow'd on him many embraces, and as many benedictions.

The poor Man was all this while as if he had been enchanted, so astonished was he at what he had seen, and what had been done to him, and conceiv'd so much shame at the sadness of the adventure,

that he was never seen in the Streets afterwards, though his business detain'd him in the City some time longer.

In the mean time, *Montufar*, by this act of counterfeited humility had gain'd the hearts of the whole City. The people look'd on him with admiration, many came the oftner to Church purposely to see him, and the Children cry'd after him *a Saint, a Saint*, as they would *a Fox, a Fox*, had they met his Enemy in the Streets. From this time he began to live the happiest Life of any Man alive. The great Lord, the Gentleman, the Magistrate, the Prelate courted him every day to their Tables, and, happy thought he himself, whom he honour'd with an acceptance of his entertainment. If any one ask'd his Name, he made answer, that he was the Animal, the Beast, fit only to carry Burthens, the Common-shore of filthiness, the Vessel of iniquity, and such other attributes as his studied Devotion furnish'd him withall. He spent the day in some publick places with the Ladies of the City, importuning them with perpetual complaints of his own luke-warmness: telling them that he was not sufficiently annihilated in Spirit, that he was guilty of too much Self-centreity, and wanted those recollections which should confine his thoughts to celestial contemplations, and divert them from being disorder'd by the vanities of this World; in a word, never entertaining them with any thing but what was wrapt up in this fustian Language: So great a Proficient had a short time made him in Sycophancy and Hypocrisie!

Of the great Alms daily bestow'd in *Sevil*, there pass most through his hands, or through those of *Helenilla*, and *Mendez*; who, as to what might be expected from them, acted their parts to the height, and whose names made no less haste to get into the Calender, than did that of *Montufar*. A certain Widow, a Lady of quality, and inexpressibly besotted with Devotion, sent them every day two dishes of Meat for their Dinner, and as many for their Supper, and those such as had been ordered by one of the best Cooks about the City. At last, the House they liv'd in grew too little for the great number of presents that were brought in from all parts, and to entertain the Ladies that came to visit them. If a Woman was desirous to be with Child, her onely way was to put her Petition into their hands, that they might present it at the Tribunal of God, and bring her a speedy and satisfactory answer of it. She that had a Son in the *Indies*, took the same course; and so did she also who had a Brother, Friend, or Cousin, in Slavery at *Algiers*. And the poor Widow, who had a cause depending before an ignorant Judge, against a powerful Adversary, doubted not of its going with her, since she had made them a present according to her ability. Some presented them with Sweet-meats, others with Pictures and Ornaments for their Oratory. Sometimes there were sent them in, all sorts of clean Linnen and Cloaths for poor people that were ashamed of their necessities, and often, considerable sums of Money, to be distributed as they should think fitting. No body came empty hand-

ded to them, nor did any body doubt of their future Canonization. Nay it grew to that height, that some desir'd their advice in things doubtful, and to come. *Helenilla*, who had a Diabolical wit, manag'd the business of Answers; and the cunning Gipsie would be sure to deliver her Oracles, in few words, and in terms ambiguous and capable of several interpretations. Their Beds, simple in appearance, were all the day cover'd with Mats, but at night with good Down-beds and Quilts, and good Coverlets; the House being full of all manner of Household-stuff, sent in by some or other, for a charitable supply of some Widow, whose Goods had been taken in Execution, or to furnish the House of a young Maid married without any Portion. Their doors, in Winter, were shut up at five of the clock, in Summer, at seven, as punctually as if their House had been a well regulated Convent; and then the Spits went, the House was perfum'd, the Fowls went to the fire, the Tables were nearly cover'd, and the Hypocritical Triumvirate, fed without any remorse, and valiantly drank to their own good Healths, and sometimes remembred theirs whom they made such Fools. *Montufar* and *Helenilla* lay together, for fear of the Spirits; and their Man and their Maid, who were of the same Constitution, imitated them in their manner of passing away the night. But for the Matron *Mendez*, she always lay alone, and was more contemplative than active, ever since she had given her mind to the black Art.

Thus did they spend their time, when the be-
sorted

sorted Inhabitants of *Sevil* thought they were at their mental prayers, or disciplining themselves. It is not to be ask'd, whether they were in good case, as to the body, living at this rate. Every one bless'd God for it, and it was in a manner the general wonder, that a sort of people who exercis'd so great austerities, were of a better complexion, than those who liv'd in the height of luxury and abundance. During the space of three years that they led all the people of *Sevil* by the noses, receiving presents from all parts, and converting most of the alms that pass through their hands to their own use, what a number of good yellow pieces they got together, will not easily be credited. What ever happen'd successfully, was attributed to the effect of their prayers. They stood for all the Children that were christned, they were the makers up of all Matches, and the arbiters of all differences. At last, God grew weary of suffering their wicked kind of living. *Montufar*, who was much inclin'd to choler, us'd often to beat his man; he, on the other side, being high fed, and living at ease, receiv'd his chastisement with a great deal of indignation, and would many times have left his service upon it, if *Helenilla*, much more politick in that than her Gallant, had not ever and anon appeas'd him with kindnesses and presents. He one day corrected him a little too severely for a trivial fault. The young fellow got out of doors, and, blinded by his passion, went and gave notice to the Magistrates of *Sevil* of the hypocrisy of these three blessed persons. Some evil spirit suggested it into *Helenilla*, that the fellow

fellow would do the mischief she fear'd. She advis'd *Montufar* to take all the Gold, whereof they had a considerable quantity, and to avoid the tempest she was afraid would fall upon them. No sooner said than done. They took about them what they had of greatest value, and putting a good face on't in the streets, went out at one of the City gates, and came in again at another, to blind those that might follow them.

Montufar had insinuated himself into the favour of a certain Widow, as leud, and as very a hypocrite, as himself; He had made *Helenilla* acquainted with all that pass'd between them, who took not any thing amiss, no more than *Montufar* would have done at her familiarity with a Gallant that had been profitable to the Community. To her house they made their retreat, and there they were secretly kept, and entertain'd to their own wishes; the Widow having an affection for *Montufar*, for his own sake, and for *Helenilla* upon *Montufar's* account.

In the mean time, the Magistrate, conducted by *Montufar's* revengeful servant, was gotten into the house of our Hypocrites, and made search for the blessed Children and their glorious Mother, and neither meeting with them nor any tidings of them, the servant-maid nor knowing where they were nor whither they were gone, had caus'd all the trunks to be sealed up, and an Inventory to be taken of all that was in the house. The officers found in the Kitchen what to entertain themselves withal for above one day, and left not in danger to be lost any thing they could handsomely make their

their own. While things were in this posture comes the old *Mendez* into the house, having not the least imagination of what they were doing there. The Officers laid hold on her, and hurried her to prison with a great concourse of people at her heels. The man and the maid were sent thither also to keep her company, and having spoke somewhat too much as well as she, where condemn'd, as she was, to the embraces of the Whipping-post, and there to receive two hundred lashes. *Mendez* dies of it within three days after, as being too old to overcome so rigorous a chastisement, and the man and the maid were banish'd *Sevil* for their lives; so that the prudent *Helenilla*, by her foresight, kept her dear *Montufar* and her self out of the hands of the Magistrate, who sought after them, but in vain, both within and without the City. The people were asham'd they had been so abus'd; and the Ballad-singers, who were grown hoarse in celebrating their commendations at all corners of the streets, set their muddy Poets at work to write as much in dispraise of the counterfeited Saints. These Insects of *Parnassus*, exhausted, upon this occasion, their saryrical vein; and the songs they made, to cry down those whom not long before the people had made their Idols, are to this day sung up and down at *Sevil*.

Montufar and *Helenilla* reflecting on the sad Tragedy of *Mendez*, thought it their best course to take a counter-march to *Madrid*, which they did as soon as they durst venture with safety, bringing thither with them much wealth, and being
also

also married together. They immediately made enquiry after what news there might be of *Don Sancho* of *Villefagnan*, and having understood that he was not at *Madrid*, they appear'd publickly; he, as well cloath'd as as any Gentleman about the Court, and she, after the rate of a Lady of quality, and beautiful as an Angel. Before the treaty of marriage was concluded between them, there were certain Articles drawn up, with a mutual promise for the punctual observance thereof; among others, these; That *Montufar* as a husband of much discretion and great patience, should not be any way troubled at such visits as upon the account of her beauty should be made to her; she on the other side being oblig'd not to entertain any but what were beneficial.

They had not been there long, ere those Women, who between the sexes of Mankind are much of the same predicament with Horse-couriers in matter of Horses, such as may otherwise be called the Publick Intelligencers in the affairs of Pleasure; otherwise, Haglers, and Caterers in human flesh; in the vulgar language, Bauds; or, to speak more honourably of them, Women of Designs, began to beat the market about *Helenilla*. They made her appear one day at a Play, another in the Park, and sometimes in the great Street of *Madrid*, seated in the boot of a Coach, whence, looking on some, smiling on others, taking notice of all, she could on a sudden muster such a number of transported Lovers as might pass for a considerable Regiment. Her dear husband very punctually observ'd

observ'd the articles agreed on at the Contract; such as were bashful in their addresses he, by his insinuating behaviour, encourag'd into greater confidence, and did in a manner lead them by the hand to his wife, being so full of compliance and so ready to further their enjoyment, as never to want some urgent occasions, purposely to afford them the freedom of her company alone. He made acquaintances with none but such as had money enough, and car'd as little how they spent it, and never came into his own house ere he had been assur'd by a signal that appear'd in the window, when the Mistress of the house was busie, that he might come in without hindring any sport; and, if the signal were such as forbad him entrance, he went his way as well satisfi'd as a person whose business is done in his absence, and pass'd away an hour or two in some Gaming-house, where all were glad to entertain him for his wife's sake.

Among those whom *Helenilla* had made her tributary vassals, there was a certain Gentleman of *Granada*, who surpass'd all his competitors both in the excess of his love and his expence. He was descended out of so noble a House, that the titles of his Nobility might be found among the Antiquities of the capital City of *Judea*, and those who had a particular knowledge of his race, affirm'd, that his Ancestors had kept the Books for arraignment of Malefactors at *Hiernsalem* before and after the time of *Caiaphas*. The love he had to *Helenilla* made him in a short time release a great number of good Pieces which he had imprison'd

prison'd haply one by one. By this means came *Helenilla's* house to be one of the best furnish'd about *Madrid*. A Coach, whereof she knew neither the price, nor was at the charge of maintaining the Horses that drew it, waited every morning at the door, to receive her commands, and roll'd up and down till night, as she was pleas'd to order it. This prodigal Lover took a box for her at the Play-house by the year, and there hardly pass'd a day but he entertain'd, with some magnificent Collation, her and some others of the sex, in the houses of recreation that are about the City. These entertainments were a certain Paradise to *Montufar*, who accordingly satiated his natural gluttony thereat; and being cloath'd like a Prince, and as full of cash as if he had been a Treasurer, he fed every day like a *French-man*, and drank like a *German*. He had very great compliances for the liberal *Granadine*, and was not sparing of his acknowledgments to Fortune her self.

But the wind turns of a sudden, and brings with it a horrible storm. *Helenilla* entertain'd the visits of a certain young Hector, one of the Danger-fields of the City; who never durst shew their faces in the field; who live at the charge of some wretched Curtezan whom they tyrannize over; who go every day to Plays to make tumults and defeat poor Citizens of hats and cloaks; and who every night beat their innocent swords against the walls, that they may have some colour to swear in the morning, that they had a furious encounter with some enemies. *Montufar* had many

nytimes given *Helenilla* notice, that he was not pleas'd with that unprofitable acquaintance of hers. Notwithstanding all his remonstrances, she still kept him company. *Montufar* was incens'd thereat, insomuch that, to satisfy himself, he gave *Helenilla* the same chastisement, as the deceas'd *Mendez*; and she, had sometimes receiv'd from him in the mountains of *Burgos*. *Helenilla* pretended her self reconcil'd to him, upon the first acknowledgments of his passion [but was resolv'd to be reveng'd.] The better to compass her design, she for eight days together treated him with such unusual kindneses, that *Montufar* was absolutely satisfi'd: she was one of those Women; who adore their Tyrants, and exercise their cruelty on their adorers. One day, the Gentleman of *Granada* had order'd an excellent Supper to be provided, intending to make the third person at it himself; but some business so fell out, that he could not come. *Montufar* and *Helenilla* drank hand to hand to the health of their Benefactor. *Montufar*, according to his ordinary course, made a shift to get drunk, and as they were taking away the cloth would needs taste of a Bottle of perfum'd Hypocras, which the *Granadine* had sent in, as a thing extraordinary. It was never discover'd, whether *Helenilla*, who had open'd it before supper, had put into the bottle a dram of something more than should be: This is certain, that not long after *Montufar* had taken it off, he felt a strange heat in his intrails, and, presently after, insupportable pains and gripings. He had some suspicion of his being poison'd, and ran to get

get his sword, which *Helenilla* perceiving, got in that interval out of the room to avoid his fury. *Montufar* went to her chamber whither he thought she had been gone to hide herself, and searching after her in the height of his fury, he discovers, as he took up a piece of Tapistry, *Helenilla's* young Gallant, who immediately run him with his sword through the body. *Montufar*, though half-dead, made a shift to get him by the throat. Upon the shrieks of the servants, who made a hellish noise, the Magistrate comes into the house, just as the Murderer was in hopes to make his escape, having put *Montufar* out of all pain with a sharp dagger he had.

In the mean time *Helenilla*, who was got into the street, and knew not whether she went, enters the first door she met with open. She perceiv'd a light in a low room, and a Gentleman walking up and down in it. She went and cast her self at his feet imploring his assistance and protection, and was much astonish'd to find him to be *Don Sancho*, of *Villesaguan*, who was no less surpriz'd to meet with, in her, the Idol of his heart, which now appear'd to him the fourth time. *Don Sancho* had, some time before, had some differences with his wife, and those were come to such height, as that they were thereupon absolutely parted, she finding it impossible to live with him, by reason of his ill treatments of her, and his debauches. He had procur'd from the Court a Commission to plant a new Colony in the *Indies*, and was within a short time to take shipping at *Sevil*. While *Helenilla* entertains him with a thousand

and forg'd stories, and that he is over-joy'd to find her willing to accompany him in his voyage; the Magistrate condemns the young Gallant to be hang'd for the murdering of *Montufar*, makes a search after *Helenilla* all over *Madrid*, and seiz'd of all that was in the house. *Don Sancho* and *Helenilla* had a prosperous voiage to the *Indies*, where there have happen'd to them stranger adventures than any have been related yet. Some particulars have been brought over, but more are still expected. Those that are lately come out of those parts give an account of *Helenilla* as being yet alive, in great prosperity, and Governess of a vast Country; She and *Don Sancho* living as happily and as lovingly as any couple in the world. She engag'd him to marry her ere he could have his desires of her; which when he made some difficulty to do, she satisfi'd him with this, that, in several worlds, it was lawful for a man to have several wives. There are several Booksellers, who with the last Ship that went into those parts, sent over a young man to get the Copy of her and her *Indian* husband's adventure, before it comes to my perusal; but though they do, I do hereby let them know, they must have my hand in it before it be printed, because I have all the stories wherewith she entertain'd *Don Sancho* at her so sudden meeting with him at *Madrid* ready for the Press, which; considering the surprize and confusion she must needs be in at so fatal an accident, and the presence of spirit she had to invent them, will accordingly be thought the greatest miracle of female invention that ever was. I intend to put out all

together, (not including what is already published) under the Title of *THE COMPLEAT CURTEZAN*, or *THE MODERN LAIS*. In the mean time, forbidding all manner of persons to trouble either Book-sellers or Friends to send them Books under such names, till they find these Titles at the beginning of the Book which they now meet with at the end, or hear further from their humble Servant.

THE



THE
INNOCENT
ADULTERY.

The Third Novel.



HE Court of *Spain* was at *Vailladolid*, and consequently the inconveniencies of those that were oblig'd to attend it, were the greater, (it being a place as famous for the distiness of it as *Paris*, if we may believe an eminent Spanish Poet, who hath given us that account thereof) when in one of the coldest Nights of a Winter that had been more sharp than ordi-

nary, and about the hour that most of the Monasteries toll their Bell to *Matins*, a young Gentleman, named *Don Garcias*, slip'd out of a House where he had spent the day in some Company, or haply at Gaming, which, however we may be sensible of the other losses consequent thereto, makes us little mind that of our Time, though haply the greatest. Though the night were dark, yet had he not any light with him; whether his Lacquey had through sleepiness lost his Link, or that his Master car'd not much whether he had any; and was just passing into the street where his lodging was, when, at a door, opened of a sudden, a certain person was thrust out with such rudeness and violence, that the party fell at his feet, on the other side of the way, as he walk'd along.

He was much startled at the strangeness of the adventure; much more, when going to give his hand to the person he thought so unworthily treated, he perceiv'd, he was strip't to the Shirt, and heard him sighing and bemoaning himself, without endeavouring in the least to get up. Thence he inferr'd, he had hurt himself in his fall, and thereupon, having, with the help of his Lacquey which was come up to him, set him on his feet, he ask'd him, Wherein he might do him any service.

"You may save my Life, and secure my Honour,"
 "replies the unknown Person, with a Voice interrupted with sighs, and which convinc'd him of the mistake he had been in all the while, and that it was a Woman he had found so barbarously forc'd out of doors at so unseasonable a time. I beseech you, added she, by the same generosity
 "which

“ which makes you so ready to assist me in my
“ misfortune, to dispose of me into some place,
“ where I may remain conceal’d, provided none
“ know of it but your self, and such as you shall
“ be confident of their fidelity.

Don Garcias put his cloak about her, and commanding his Lacquey to hold her by the arm on one side as he did on the other, he soon brought her to his Lodging, where all were in their Beds, but one Maid, who opened the door, cursing and bitterly railing at those who made her sit up so late. The Lacquey, whether upon the directions of his Master, or the pleasure those of his quality take in the doing of mischief, made her no other answer than that of blowing out her candle, and while she was gone to light it again, calling him a hundred Rogues and Skip-kennels, *Don Garcias*, conducted, or indeed rather carried to his Chamber, (which was but one pair of Stairs) the distressed Lady, who with much ado kept on her feet.

The Lacquey having brought up a light, *Don Garcias* perceived he had met with a very extraordinary adventure, having brought into his Lodging one of the handsomest Women in all *Spain*, and one who immediately rais’d in him both Love and Compassion. Her hair was black, but withall of a brightness out-vying that of Jet; her Complexion, a miraculous mixture of Lillies and Roses; her Eyes, to speak modestly of them, so many Suns; her Breast lovely, beyond all comparison; her Arms admirable; her Hands yet much more to be admired; and her Stature such as a Man that were a great Monarch should wish in her whom he

call'd his Queen ! But that delicate black Hair was all in disorder ; that attractive Complexion was pale and discolour'd ; those sparkling Eyes were full of tears ; that incomparable Breast all bruise'd ; those Arms and Hands were not in a much better condition ; in a word, that lovely Body, of so graceful a proportion, was full of black and bloody places, as if the owner had been beaten with Stirrup-leathers, a Girdle, or something else, no less unfit to be employed on so much tenderness and delicacy. If *Don Garcias* were infinitely pleas'd to look on so beautiful a person, the same beautiful person was no less troubled to see her self reduc'd to the condition she was in ; at the disposal of a Man, she had not the least knowledge of, and one that seem'd not to be five and twenty years of age. He took notice of her disturbance, and did all he could to persuade her, that she should be far from fearing any thing unhandsome from a Gentleman, who would think himself happy to serve her, though with the hazard of his Life.

In the mean time, his Lacquey kindled a little Char-coal fire ; for in *Spain* there's but little other Fuel ; but for that, all Countries must be content with what provision Nature hath been pleas'd to make them ; though she be ever so much a Stepmother, there's no repining at her disposal of things. He also laid clean sheets, or should have done if he had any, on his Master's bed, who, having bidden the Lady good-night, left her in possession of his Chamber, double-locking the door upon her, and went to Bed, I know not upon what pretence, to a Gentleman of his acquaintance that had a Chamber

ber in the same House. He slept in all likelihood better in his Friend's, than the Lady he had recommended to his own Bed did in his; he never drew bit, till the cries about the Streets awoke him; she ceas'd not weeping and bewailing her self all night long. *Don Garcias* got up, rubb'd and powder'd, and made himself as spruce and as youthful as he could. Being come to his own Chamber-door, he lay'd his Ear to the Key-hole, and having heard the poor Lady still bemoaning her self, he made no difficulty to go in to her. His presence heightened the violence of her affliction, and 'not able to look on him with any command of her grief; " You see, *said she to him*, a woman, " who was, no longer since than yesterday, the most " esteem'd of any in *Vailladolid*, but at present the " most despicable, and most infamous, and in a " condition now much more likely to raise compassion, than she hath sometime been to cause envy. But how great soever the misfortune may be " whereto I am reduc'd, the seasonable kindness " I receiv'd from you, may yet in some measure " remedy it, if after you have afforded me the " Sanctuary of your Chamber till night, you get " me convey'd thence, either in a Sedan or Coach, " to a Convent which I shall name to you. But " may I, *added she*, after all the Obligations you " have cast on me, entreat you to be at the trouble " to go to my House, to enquire what is said and " done there; and, in fine, to inform your self, what " discourse there is about the Court and City, concerning the unhappy Woman, whom you have " so generously taken into your protection.

Don Garcias proffer'd himself to go where ever she pleas'd to desire him, and receiv'd her commands, with that earnestness and alacrity, as a person newly fallen in Love, would do those of the Beauty he was become an adorer of. She gave him such directions, as were necessary; he left her, upon engagement to make a speedy return, and she immediately fell to such lamentations, as if she had but newly begun. It was not an hour ere *Don Garcias* return'd; and upon his coming into the room, perceiving his fair Guest much alarm'd, as if she had had a presentiment of the ill news he brought her; "Madam, said he to her, if you are *Eugenia*,
 "Wife of *Don Sancho*, I have somewhat to tell
 "you which very much concerns you; *Eugenia*
 "is not to be heard of, and *Don Sancho* in prison,
 "charg'd with the death of his Brother, *Don*
 "*Lewis*. *Don Sancho* is innocent, said she, I am
 "the unfortunate *Eugenia*, and *Don Lewis* was the
 "lewdest Man in the world.

Her tears, which thereupon broke their way with too much violence, and her sobbs admitting very little intermission, suffer'd her not to speak any more; and I think *Don Garcias* was not in the mean time a little troubled to compose himself to sadness, and to express how sensible he was of her affliction. At last, as we find that violent things are seldome of long continuance, *Eugenia's* grief admitted some moderation; she wip'd her eyes and face; and went on with the discourse, which, as I said, her tears and sighs had interrupted. "It amounts not to much, said she to him,
 "that you know the name and quality of the un-
 "fortunate

"fortunate Woman; you have in so short a time so
 "highly oblig'd ; you may well expect she should
 "acquaint you with the particulars of her Life,
 "and by that confidence repos'd in you, make some
 "kind of acknowledgement of the extraordinary
 "obligation you have cast on her. I am come out
 "of one of the best houses in *Valladolid*. I was born
 "to a great fortune, and Nature hath been so in-
 "dulgent to me, as to matter of Beauty, that, had
 "I been proud of it, I needed not to have fear'd
 "the checks and censures of any : The accom-
 "plishments of my person brought me more Gal-
 "lants than the greatness of my Estate ; and the
 "reputation of both together rais'd me Adorers in
 "the most remote Cities of *Spain*. Among those
 "who propos'd to themselves the felicity of my
 "enjoyments, *Don Sancho*, and *Don Lewis*, two
 "Brothers, equal both as to the goods of Fortune
 "and Nature, were the most remarkable, as well for
 "the violence of their passion, as the emulation
 "they express'd who should do me the most, and
 "most considerable services. My Friends counte-
 "nanc'd the pretensions of *Don Sancho*, who was
 "the elder of the two, and my Inclinations were
 "consonant to their choice, and dispos'd me to a
 "man turn'd of forty years of age, who, by the
 "mildness and compliance of his disposition, and
 "the extraordinary care he took to please me, got
 "a greater Interest in my soul, than would haply
 "have done a person whose age had been more sui-
 "table to mine. The two Brothers, though they
 "had been Rivals, had nevertheless liv'd so friend-
 "ly together as never to have any difference ; and
 "Don

“ *Don Sancho*, upon his gaining of me, lost not
“ the friendship of his Brother *Don Lewis*. Their
“ Houses joyn’d together, or rather were but one
“ House, since the common Wall that separated
“ them, had a Door in it, which, by joynt-consent
“ was not lock’d of either side. *Don Lewis* was
“ not shie, even before his Brother, to make the
“ same addresses to me as he was us’d to do whilst
“ he was his Rival ; and *Don Sancho*, whose affe-
“ ction was heightened by his enjoyment, and who
“ lov’d me beyond his own Life, look’d on his
“ Courtships as the expressions of an innocent
“ gayness and civility. He call’d me himself his
“ Brother’s Mistress, who for his part palliated a
“ real love with so much elusion and artifice, that
“ I was not the onely person deceived in it. In fine,
“ having a while accusom’d himself to entertain
“ me publickly with his passion, not minding who
“ were present, he came at last to make some dis-
“ coveries of it to me in private, with so much im-
“ portunity, and so little respect, that I was no
“ longer to doubt of his unworthy designs upon
“ me. Though I was but very young, yet had
“ I prudence enough to put him off with such Re-
“ torts, as whence he might have taken occasion
“ to let all things pass as if he still onely personated
“ the passionate Lover. I took in jest whatever he
“ said to me seriously, and though to my remem-
“ brance I never was more angry than at that time,
“ yet I never did my self greater violence, to
“ forbear doing any thing inconsistent with the
“ ordinary indifferency of my humour. This he
“ was so far from making his advantage of, that
“ it

"it incens'd him ; and giving me a frightful look,
 "wherein his wicked intentions were but too visi-
 "ble ; No, no, Madam, *said he to me*, I am not
 "so much a counterfeit since I lost you, as I was
 "while I had yet hopes to gain you : and though
 "your rigour be great enough soon to free you
 "from a Love and Addresles which you think
 "troublesome, you have so accustomed me to suf-
 "fer, that it will be much better done of you to
 "—— Forbear ever being alone with you, *said I*,
 "*interrupting him*. Upon which one of my
 "Women, coming into my chamber, prevented
 "him, from making further discoveries of his in-
 "solence, and me, from expressing my resentment
 "thereof, as highly as the occasion requir'd, and I
 "found my self inclin'd to do. I was very glad
 "since, I had not done it, upon this account of my
 "Husband, and was in hope that wicked Brother
 "would have afforded me less of his love and
 "more of his esteem ; but he still continued both
 "his prevarications before people, and his impor-
 "tunities in private. To elude his Transportations
 "and serious Addresles, I put on the greatest se-
 "verity I could, so far as to threaten to give his
 "Brother notice of his behaviour towards me. I
 "made use of all the ways I could think on, to
 "make him sensible of his miscarriage. I entreat-
 "ed, I wept, I promis'd to love him as a Brother ;
 "but he would needs have that place in my affe-
 "ction which Lovers onely pretend to. In fine,
 "sometimes born with, sometimes sharply treated,
 "and still no less amorous than abhorr'd, he would
 "have made me the most unfortunate Woman in
 "Spain,

"Spain, if my conscience, which could not up-
 "braid me with any thing, had not establish'd and
 "preserv'd the tranquility of my mind. But at last
 "my vertue, which had stood out the assaults of so
 "dangerous an enemy, forsook me; and I became a
 "prey to one I little thought of, because I forsook
 "it. The Court came to *Vailladolid*, and brought
 "with it that gallantry which makes Ladies that
 "are unaccustom'd to it, entertain other thoughts
 "than they had before. There is somewhat more
 "than ordinary pleasing in all new things; our
 "Ladies thought they saw something in the Cour-
 "tiers which they observ'd not in those who
 "amongst us went for the greatest Gallants; and
 "the Courtiers on the other side endeavour'd to
 "please our Ladies, and to insinuate into their fa-
 "vour, though they thought them little better
 "than certain Conquests. Among the Gallants that
 "follow'd the Court, in hopes of some preferment
 "in time for their attendance: a *Portuguez*,
 "named *Andrado*, was much taken notice of, for
 "the sharpness of his wit, the gracefulness of his
 "person and countenance, and more particularly
 "for the greatness of his expences, a charm that
 "hath a strange power upon unexperienc'd Ladies,
 "who measure the excellency of the soul, by the
 "magnificence of a man's retinue and his cloaths.
 "Wealth he had not much; but Gaming brought
 "that, which was haply superfluous with others, to
 "further his Accommodations; and the advan-
 "tages he made of it were so considerable, that he
 "liv'd at as high a rate as the richest and most
 "sumptuous about the Court. I was so unhappy
 "as

"as to be thought worth his liking, and when,
 "through my own vanity and his courtship, I was
 "persuaded that he was taken with something in
 "me, I thought my self the happiest woman of my
 "quality in the world. I should find it no small
 "difficulty to express what artifices he had to
 "force himself into a woman's affections, and an-
 "swerably thereto what an excessive love I had
 "for him. That Husband, whom not long before I
 "thought so kind, so dear, and so worthy my re-
 "spect, was grown, in my apprehension, as despi-
 "cable, as odious. For *Don-Lewis* I had a greater
 "aversion than ever; nothing pleas'd me but *An-*
 "*drado*; I could love no man but him, and where-
 "ever I came and had not the sight of him, I asto-
 "nish'd all people with my distractions and dis-
 "quiets. Nor was *Andrado's* affection to me less
 "violent. His predominant passion of Gaming
 "gave way to that of his Love; his presents gain'd
 "my Women, his Letters and Sonnets took me
 "infinitely, and the Musick he was somewhat
 "over-prodigious of, gave all the Husbands that
 "liv'd in my street occasion to be thinking. In fine,
 "he charg'd me so home, or I made such weak re-
 "sistance, that I was wholly at his devotion. I pro-
 "mis'd him all he could desire, insomuch that
 "all the trouble we were at, was about the place
 "and the time. My Husband was to make one at a
 "Hunting-match, which was to have kept him in
 "the Country for several days together. I sent
 "notice of it to my dear *Portuguez*, and we ap-
 "pointed the execution of our amorous designs to
 "be the very night after my Husband's going out
 "of

“of Town. I was, at a certain hour agreed on be-
“tween us, to leave the back-door of our Garden
“open, and, under pretence of passing away some
“part of the night there, by reason of the extraor-
“dinary heat, to set up a field-bed in a little wain-
“scot Bower, open of all sides, and surrounded
“with Orang-trees and Jessamine. In fine, my
“Husband left *Vailladolid* in the morning : but
“from that to night seem’d to me the longest day
“of my life. Night came at last, and my Women
“having set up a bed in the Garden, I pretended
“before them an extraordinary sleepiness, so that
“as soon as they had undress’d me, I bid them go
“to their beds, one onely excepted who was privy
“to my design. I was hardly got into bed, and the
“maid that staid with me, whose name was *Ma-*
“*rina*, had but lock’d that door of the Garden
“which came from the house, and open’d the back-
“door ; when my Women came in all haste to tell
“me that my Husband was return’d. I had but so
“much time as to get that door lock’d, which I
“had caus’d to be open’d to let in *Andrado*. My
“Husband came to me with his ordinary caresses,
“and I leave it to you to imagine how I entertain’d
“them. He told me the occasion of his so sudden
“return, was, that the Gentleman who had invi-
“ted him to Hunting, had been thrown by his
“Horse and broke a Leg ; and having added to
“that an account of what else had happened that
“day, he commended my ingenuity in making
“choice of a place to avoid the inconveniencies of
“the heat, and would needs pass away the night
“with me. He immediately put off his cloaths and
“came

"came into bed to me. All I could do was to put
 "on the best countenance I could, and to smother
 "the trouble I was in at his return, and to assure
 "him, by some forc'd careffes of mine, that I was
 "not insensible of his. *Andrado*, in the mean time,
 "came according to the appointment, and finding
 "that door lock'd which he should have found
 "open, he with the assistance of his Lacquey made
 "a shift to get over the Garden wall, with hopes,
 "notwithstanding that obstacle, to pass away the
 "night with me. He hath avow'd to me since, that
 "his engaging himself in so presumptuous and
 "dangerous a design proceeded meerly from a
 "motive of jealousy, as being in a manner con-
 "fident, that some Rival, more in my favour
 "than himself, was admitted to those enjoyments
 "which he had been put into hopes of. The
 "imagination he had, that haply I had put a trick
 "upon him, put him into such a fury, that he was
 "fully resolv'd to be even with me, in case what
 "he suspected should prove true, and to exer-
 "cise the greatest revenge he could think of, up-
 "on the Gallant he should find possess'd of the
 "place he had promis'd himself. He made his ap-
 "proaches to the Bower where we were a-bed,
 "with as little noise as he could. 'Twas a clear
 "Moon-shine night, so that I both perceiv'd him
 "coming in, and knew him. He saw I was
 "frighten'd, and observ'd the signs I made to
 "him to withdraw. He could not of a sudden dis-
 "cern whether the person who lay by me was my
 "Husband or some other ; but perceiving in my
 "countenance no less astonishment, than confu-
 "sion

" sion and shame, and finding upon the Table the
 " Cloaths and Plume of Feathers, which he had
 " seen my Husband in, that morning, he was sa-
 " tisf'd it could be no other than *Don Sancho* who
 " was a-bed with me, and further confirm'd in
 " that belief, by finding him sleeping more securely
 " than a Gallant could have done, had any been in
 " his place. However he would needs come to
 " that side of the bed which I lay on, and give me
 " a kiss, which I durst not deny him for fear of
 " awaking my Husband. He forbore putting me
 " into any further fright, but went away, lifting up
 " his eyes, shrinking up his shoulders, and doing
 " such actions as betray'd the regret he conceiv'd
 " at his being so unhappily disappointed, and im-
 " mediately got out of the Garden with the same
 " facility as he had got into it.

" The next morning betimes, I receiv'd a Letter
 " from him, the most passionate I had ever read, and
 " an excellent Paper of Verses upon the tyranny
 " of Husbands. He had spent in composing them
 " the remainder of the night after he had left me;
 " and for the whole day after I had receiv'd them, I
 " did nothing almost but read them over and over,
 " when I could do it without any bodie's observing
 " it; nay, so far were we either of us from reflecting
 " on the danger we had been in, that our thoughts
 " were busi'd to contrive how we might run into
 " the same hazard again. And for my part, though I
 " had not of my self been sufficiently inclin'd to
 " grant him any thing he desir'd of me, nor lov'd
 " *Andrado* so much as I did, or had not yielded my
 " self up to the charms of his Letters; yet could

" I not have withstood the persuasions of my Wo-
 " man, who perpetually sollicitd me on his be-
 " half. She reproach'd me, that, since I had so
 " little confidence, it argu'd I had but little Love
 " for *Andrado*, and entertain'd me with stories of
 " the passion he had for me, with no less earnestness,
 " than if she had been to represent to some Gallant
 " of her own what she her self had for him. I un-
 " derstood by that carriage of hers, that she was as
 " perfect as needed in the part she was to act, and
 " withall of what importance it was to be careful
 " in the choice of such persons as are plac'd about
 " those of my age and quality. But I had re-
 " solv'd to ruine my self; and if she had been more
 " virtuous than she was, I should not have trusted
 " her so far. In fine, she got me to consent, that she
 " should receive *Andrado* into a Wardrobe adjoin-
 " ing to my Chamber where she lay alone: and we
 " had ordered things so, as that as soon as my Hus-
 " band were fallen asleep, she should go into my
 " bed to supply my plac^e, while I pass'd away the
 " night with *Andrado*. He was accordingly hid in
 " my Wardrobe, my Husband fell asleep, and I
 " was preparing my self to go to him, with the
 " earnestness usual in persons who are violent in
 " their desires, yet have much to fear; when a
 " horrid confusion of Voices dolefully crying out
 " *fire, fire*, struck my ear, and awakened my Hus-
 " band; and immediately my Chamber was full
 " of smoak, and looking towards the Window,
 " me-thought the Air was all in a flame. A Negro
 " wench that belong'd to the Kitchin had in her

L

" drink

“ drink set the House on fire, and being fallen a-
“ sleep it was not perceiv’d, till that, having made
“ its way to some dry Wood, and thence fastening
“ on certain Stables, it began to break through the
“ floor of my Lodging. My Husband was a Man
“ very much belov’d. Of a sudden, the House
“ was full of Neighbours, who came to do what
“ good they could. My Brother-in-law, *Don*
“ *Lewis*, whom the common danger made more
“ diligent than any other, came immediately in to
“ our assistance with all his people, and, animated
“ by his passion, makes a shift to come to my
“ Chamber, even through the flames : which had
“ already taken hold of the Stair-case. He had made
“ such haste that he had nothing about him but his
“ Night-gown, which having wrapped me in, he
“ took me up in his arms, rather dead than living;
“ but more out of a reflection on the danger *An-*
“ *drado* was expos’d to, than what I was in my self;
“ carried me to his own House through the door
“ that was common between us, and having put me
“ into his own Bed, left me with some of my Wo-
“ men to keep me company. In the mean time, my
“ Husband, with their assistance, who concern’d
“ themselves in the accident happened to us, or-
“ der’d things so well, that the fire was extinguish’d
“ after it had done much mischief. *Andrado* found
“ it no hard matter to make his escape amidst the
“ confusion and thronging of those who were come
“ either to help us, or to steal ; and you may ima-
“ gine to your self, how joyfully I receiv’d that
“ good news from *Marina*. He writ to me the
“ next

"next day some things that were infinitely ingenious and handsome, upon the strangeness of our disappointment, which I answered as I could, and so we alleviated, by mutual Letters, the trouble we both equally conceiv'd, not to see one another.

"The mischief which the fire had done, being in some measure repair'd, so that it was thought fit I should remove from *Don Lewis's* Lodgings to my own; it prov'd no hard matter for *Andrado* to gain my consent to try the same way once more, as being confident it would then have taken its effect, if by so extraordinary an accident it had not been prevented. But it so happen'd, that that very night wherein we had appointed to recover what such unfore-seen emergencies had depriv'd us of, a Gentleman of my Husband's acquaintance, being in some trouble about a Duel he had been engag'd in, and thinking himself not safe at an Ambassadour's where he had taken refuge, was forc'd to betrink him of some place where he might be in less danger of falling into the hands of Justice. My Husband brought him secretly to our House, and commanded the Keys to be carried up to his own Chamber after he had caus'd the doors to be lock'd in his presence, for fear some treacherous or careless Servant might prove the occasion of his Friend's discovery.

"This order, whereat I was both surpriz'd and extreamly troubled, was but just put in-execution, when *Andrado* gave the signal agreed

“ on between him and *Marina*, to let her know
“ he waited in the street for admission. She, much
“ at a loss what to do with him, made a shift to
“ signifie to him that he should stay a little. We
“ consulted together, she and I, and not finding
“ any possibility to get him into the house at the
“ door, she went to the window, and speaking as
“ low as that he could but hear her, acquainted
“ him with the new obstacle that had interven’d,
“ and propos’d it to him, as the best expedient
“ she could think on, to expect till all were a-bed,
“ and then to get in at a little window in the Kit-
“ chin, which she would open for him. *Andrado*,
“ to satisfy his love, thought nothing too hazar-
“ dous to attempt. My Husband saw his Friend
“ a-bed, and upon my persuasion went in very
“ good time to his own ; all the Servants did the
“ like, and *Marina*, when she thought all out of the
“ way, set open the little window for *Andrado*,
“ who immediately got half way in ; but with so
“ little care, and so unfortunately to himself, that
“ after much striving, which rather hindred than
“ furthered his getting in, he was so lock’d in
“ about the middle between the Iron bars of the
“ window, that he could get neither forwards nor
“ backwards. His man, who stood all the while
“ in the Street, could do him no service ; *Marina*
“ from the place she stood in, as little, without
“ the help of some other person. She went and got
“ out of her Bed one of the Maids whom she was
“ very intimate with, telling her, that being to
“ receive a kindness that night from a Sweet-
“ heart

" heart of hers, one she loved very well, and was
 " shortly to be married to, she had endeavour'd
 " to get him in at the Kitchin window, and that
 " he had fasten'd himself between two Barrs so
 " strangely, that it was impossible to get him out
 " without either filing them off, or removing
 " them out of their places. She desired her
 " to come and help her; which the other was soon
 " persuaded to; but wanting a Hammer or some
 " other Iron-tool fit for such a purpose, the assist-
 " ance of those two maids had done *Andrado* but
 " little good, if he had not himself bethought him
 " of his Dagger, which they made use of so effe-
 " ctually, that, after abundance of pains, the barrs
 " were got loose out of the wall, and the bold
 " adventurer put out of the fear he was in of being
 " found so shamefully fasten'd in a place; where,
 " to escape best, he could have been look'd on no
 " otherwise than as a Breaker of Houses. This
 " could not be done with so little noise, but that
 " some of our Servants over-heard it, and there-
 " upon were looking into the street, when *Andra-*
 " *do*, carrying along with him that piece of the
 " Grate into which his Body had entred with some
 " violence, was running away as fast as he could,
 " follow'd by his man. The Neighbours, and our
 " people cry'd out, Thieves, and it was taken for
 " granted, that it was only some Rogues that would
 " have broken into *Don Sancho's* House where they
 " perceiv'd the Grate broken. *Andrado* in the
 " mean time being come to his Lodging, was forc'd
 " to get the Iron grate which he had carried away

“about him, filed off; he and his man, with all
 “their striving and endeavours, being not able o-
 “therwise to shift him of that troublesome girdle.

“This third accident put him out of humour
 “extremely, as I have understood since: but for
 “my part, I entertain’d it otherwise, and while
 “*Marina*, almost frighted out of her little wits,
 “gave me the relation of it, I thought I should
 “have burst with Laughing. Yet upon second
 “thoughts could I not be less troubled than
 “*Andrado* was, at the ill success of our enterprises:
 “but so far were our desires from being cool’d
 “thereby, that they grew the more violent, and
 “permitted us not to delay the satisfaction
 “thereof, any longer than to the next day after
 “this pleasant and unhappy adventure. My Hus-
 “band was gone into the City, to compose the
 “affairs of his Friend about the Duel, and, in
 “all likelihood, to have been employ’d the re-
 “mainder of that day. I sent *Marina* to *Andrado*’s
 “Lodging; which was not far from my House.
 “She found him a-bed, having not yet overcome
 “the weariness of his night-adventure, and so dis-
 “courag’d at the disappointments of his love,
 “that *Marina* was not a little troubled to see,
 “with what indifference he entertain’d my fur-
 “therance of his desires, and the little impatience
 “he express’d to come to me; though she suffici-
 “ently represented to him the opportunity which
 “then presented it self, and was not to be slighted.
 “At last, after much persuasion and many remon-
 “strances he came to me, and I received him with
 “that

"that excess of joy and satisfaction, a person ab-
 "solutely at the command of her passion could
 "be guilty of. I was so blinded therewith, that
 "I observ'd not so much as *Marina* with what
 "coldness he took my kindnesses, though it were
 "but too too remarkable. At last the importunity
 "of my caresses forc'd from him some discoveries
 "of his. Our mutual joy was grown to that
 "height, as not to be express'd otherwise than
 "by our silence; and the very thought of what we
 "both desir'd with equal earnestness, had rais'd
 "in me a bashfulness which made me avoid the
 "looks of *Andrado*, and might have given him
 "a confidence to do what he pleased with me,
 "when *Marina*, who was gone out of the room,
 "as well to stand Sentinel without, as to leave us
 "to the privacy of our enjoyments, comes in with
 "a sudden alarm that my Husband was in the
 "House. She dragged *Andrado*, rather dead than
 "living, into my wardrobe, as being, upon a sud-
 "den reflection on the precedent dangers he had
 "so narrowly escaped, at a greater loss than I was
 "who had most reason to be frighted. My Hus-
 "band had some business to put his Servants up-
 "on, before he came up into my chamber. The
 "time that took him up below afforded me the
 "leisure to put my self into order, while *Marina*
 "was busied in emptying a great trunk to make a
 "lodging for *Andrado*. She had hardly lock'd it
 "by that time my Husband was come into my
 "Chamber, who, having onely kissed me at his
 "coming in, without making any stay with me,

“ went straight into my wardrobe, and lighting
“ on a Play-book there, sat down and fell a read-
“ ing. He pitch’d upon some passage he thought
“ pleasant, and consequently would have kept
“ him reading a long time (for he was very Book-
“ ish) if, by the advice of *Marina*, I had not gone
“ into the wardrobe, and, obliging him to lay a-
“ side his Book, brought him thence into my own
“ Chamber. My misfortune was not at an end
“ with this; *Don Sancho* taking notice of my being
“ melancholy and troubled in mind, as indeed
“ I had reason to be, endeavour’d to put me into a
“ better humour by the most divertive discourses
“ he could think on. He never made it so earnest-
“ ly his business to please me, and never displeas’d
“ me more, nor was more burthensome to me. I
“ entreated him to leave my Chamber, pretending
“ an extraordinary inclination to sleep: but he, on
“ the other side, out of an excessive desire to see me
“ out of the sadness he thought me burthen’d with,
“ kept me company, much against my will, longer
“ than I could have wished; and though he were
“ naturally a person the most complaisant of any
“ in the World, I thought him so importunate
“ then, that I was forc’d to hunt him out of the
“ room. He would, out of his kindness, have re-
“ turn’d into my wardrobe, that he might be near
“ me, but, upon some private reason I gave him
“ why it was not convenient, he was perswaded
“ to go to his Chamber. As soon as I had lock’d
“ my door, I ran to my Wardrobe to deliver *An-
“ drado* out of his close imprisonment. *Marina*
“ made

“made all the haste she could to open the trunk,
“and was little better than dead, as well as my
“self; when we found him in a manner breathless,
“not discovering either by pulse or stirring any
“sign, whence we might think he was alive. Do
“but imagine what a terrible loss I must bear,
“and what I could bethink my self to do in such
“an extremity! I did as women do in such oc-
“currences; I wept, I tore my hair, I grew despe-
“rate, and I think I should not have wanted cou-
“rage enough to run *Andrado's* dagger into my
“breast, if the greatness of my affliction had not
“reduc'd me to such weakness as that I was forc'd
“to lay my self down on *Marina's* bed. She for
“her part, though troubled as much as any could
“be, had a greater command of her judgment in
“our common misfortune, and endeavour'd to
“find out those remedies, which, weak as I was, I
“should never have made use of, though I should
“have kept so much discretion about me as to do
“it. She told me, that *Andrado* might onely be
“in a sound, and that a Chyrurgeon, either by let-
“ting him bloud, or some other way, might recover
“him into the life he seem'd to have lost. I look'd
“on her without making any answer, my grief
“having reduc'd me to senselessness and stupi-
“dity. *Marina* lost no more time in consulting
“me any further; she went to put in execution
“what she had propos'd to me; but as she open'd
“the door to get out, who should meet her but
“my Brother-in-law *Don Lewis*, coming, after he
“had look'd for me in my chamber, to the War-
“drobe,

“drobe, where he concluded I must be, having been
“told by my husband that I was in no good hu-
“mour. This second misfortune we thought more
“terrible than the former. Had not *Andrado's* bo-
“dy been expos'd to his sight, as it unhappily
“was, there needed no more than the confusion and
“astonishment which he might have observ'd in
“our countenances, to raise in him a suspicion
“that we were upon some strange design, which
“no doubt but he would have discover'd, as one
“that concern'd himself much in my actions, not
“onely as a Brother-in-law, but also as a Lover.
“Unavoidable therefore it was that I should cast
“my self at the feet of a person, whom I had so
“often seen prostrate at my own; and that, deriving
“a confidence from the affection he had for me,
“and that generosity which ought to be insepara-
“ble from the quality of a Gentleman, recommend
“to his absolute disposal what was dearest to
“me. He did what he could to raise me up;
“but I, on the other side, resolv'd not to stir off
“my knees, with all sincerity, as well as my tears
“and sobs would give me leave, gave him an
“account of the cruel accident that had befallen
“me, whereat I doubt not but in his soul he con-
“ceiv'd an extraordinary satisfaction. *Don Lewis,*
“said I to him, I do not implore thy generosity
“to prolong my life for some few days; no, my
“misfortunes render it so contemptible to me,
“that I should not want the courage to be my exe-
“cutioner, did I not fear my despair would cast
“some blemish on my honour, from which that of
“Don

" *Don Sancho*, nay indeed, his life, are haply inse-
 " parable. Thou maist haply think the disdains
 " I have had for thee, were the effects of my
 " aversion rather than my vertue; thou mai'st re-
 " joice at my disgrace, nay haply make it con-
 " tribute to thy revenge : but wilt thou have the
 " presumption to impute the crime to me which
 " thou wouldst have taught me, or wilt thou be
 " so ungrateful as not to express some indut-
 " gence towards one that hath had so much for
 " thee ? *Don Lewis* not suffering me to proceed
 " any further, You see, Madam, *said he to me*, how
 " just Heaven is in punishing you, for having been
 " so indiscreet in the choice of what you should
 " have lov'd and what you ought to hate : but I
 " have nothing to lose, as being to make it appear,
 " by my freeing you out of the present trouble
 " you are in, that you have not a better friend in
 " the world than *Don Lewis*. He thereupon left
 " me, and returns presently again, with two Por-
 " tets, whom he had sent one of his servants for.
 " *Marina* and I in the interim had made a shift to
 " get *Andrado's* body into the Trunk again :
 " *Don Lewis* himself help'd the two fellows to get
 " it on their shoulders between them, and caus'd
 " it to be carried to a friend of his, whom he
 " acquainted with the adventure, having al-
 " ready made him privy to the love he had for
 " me.

" Having, as soon it was brought in, taken *An-*
 " *drado's* body out of the Trunk, *Don Lewis*
 " caus'd it to be laid all along upon a Table, and
 " as

"as they were pulling off his cloaths, feeling
 "his pulse, and laying his hand upon that part of
 "the body where the beating of the heart is felt,
 "he found him to be not quite dead. With all ex-
 "pedition a Chirurgeon was sent for, while in the
 "mean time they put him into bed, and us'd all
 "the means they could think on to bring him to
 "life. At last, he came to himself; he was let
 "blood; a Lacquey was left to wait on him; and
 "the room was clear'd, that so nature and rest
 "might perfect what art and industry had be-
 "gun.

"You may well imagine what astonishment
 "*Andrado* was in, when, after this long Trance,
 "he found himself in a bed, not able to call any
 "thing to mind but the fear he had been in, and
 "that he had been put into a Trunk, not knowing
 "where he was, nor what he had either to hope or
 "fear. He was in this terrible distraction when
 "he heard the chamber door open, and after the
 "curtains were drawn, by the light of the torches
 "that had been brought in, perceiv'd *Don Lewis*,
 "whom he knew to be my Brother-in-law, and
 "who having taken a chair spoke to him in
 "these terms: Do you know me, Signior *Andrado*,
 "said he to him? And do you not withal know
 "I am Brother to *Don Sancho*? I do indeed know
 "you, repli'd *Andrado*, and withal to be Brother
 "to *Don Sancho*. And have you any remem-
 "brance, says *Don Lewis*, of what happen'd to you
 "this day at his house? But whether you do or
 "no, continu'd he, assure your self, that if ever I hear
 "of

“of any further designs you have upon my Sister,
“or are so much as seen in the street where she
“lives, I shall be indebted to you a mischief, and
“will be sure to pay it, notwithstanding all your
“caution; and know, you had been ere this
“among your acquaintances in the other World,
“had I not too much pity and compliance for
“an impudent and unfortunate woman, who
“hath repos’d this confidence in me; and were not
“assured, that the criminal designs you have
“laid together against my Brother’s honour, had
“not their effect. I advise you therefore to change
“your lodging, and flatter not your self with
“any hope you can elude my resentment, if you
“perform not the promise I expect you should
“make me to do it. *Andrado* would gladly have
“engag’d himself to much more. He made the
“most unworthy submissions to him he could
“think on, and acknowledged he ought him a life
“which it was in his power to have taken away
“from him. His weakness was such as might well
“confine him to his bed; but the cruel fear he had
“been in, strengthened him to get up. He there-
“upon conceiv’d an aversion for me, greater than
“the love he had sometimes born me, insomuch,
“that it was a horreur to him but to hear me
“nam’d. I was in the mean time in no small
“trouble, to know what was become of him, yet
“had not the confidence to make any enquiry
“after him of *Don Lewis*, nor indeed to look
“with any assurance upon him. I sent *Marina* to
“*Andrado*’s lodging, whither she came, not long
“after

“after he had got thither himself, and while he was
“packing up his things to be gone to a lodging
“he had taken in another quarter of the City.
“As soon as ever he saw her, he told her that if
“she had any message from me, she might carry it
“to some body else, and having given her a short
“account of what had pass’d between him and
“*Don Lewis*, he clos’d his relation with this cha-
“racter of me, that I was the most ungrateful, and
“most perfidious woman in the world; that he
“look’d on me no otherwise than as one that
“had plotted his ruine, and that I should no more
“think of him, than as if I had never seen
“him.

“With these words he dismiss’d *Marina*; but
“notwithstanding the astonishment she was in
“at such a sharp entertainment, she had the wit
“to follow him at a distance, and to observe the
“place where his things were carried, and by that
“means discover’d the new lodging he had ta-
“ken. The trouble it was to me to be charg’d
“with an act of malice I was no way guilty of,
“and to be hated by a person I lov’d so well, and
“for whose sake I had hazarded my life and my
“honour, suffer’d me not to give way to all the
“joy which I should have conceiv’d at his being
“out of danger. I fell into a deep melancholy,
“which soon turned to a sickness, and that being
“such as the Physicians could not well give any
“account of, my husband was extremely troubled
“thereat. To heighten my misfortune, *Don Lewis*
“began to press, and make his advantages of the
“extra-

"extraordinary service he had done me, incessantly importuning me to grant him that which
 "I was content *Andrado* should have had, and reproching me with the love I had for my
 "Gallant, when ever i represented to him the duty I ought a Husband, and what he ought a
 "Brother. Thus, hated by what I lov'd, lov'd by what I hated; depriv'd of the sight of *Andrado*,
 "too often troubled with that of *Don Lewis*, and tormented with perpetual reflections on my ingratitude to the best Husband in the world,
 "who thought nothing too much to please me, and was more troubled at my indisposition than I was my self, when, had he known the truth, he might justly have taken away my life; incessantly baited with the insupportable remonstrances of my conscience, and rack'd between the two most contrary passions, Love and Hatred;
 "I kept my bed for two months, expecting death with gladness: but it was Heaven's pleasure to reserve me to greater misfortunes. The strength of my age, much against my will, overcame and dispell'd the sadness which I thought onely death could have put a period to. I recover'd my health, and *Don Lewis* renew'd his persecutions with greater insolence than before. I had given my women order, and particularly *Marina*, that they should never leave me alone with him. Being enrag'd at that obstacle, and wearied out with my perpetual resistances, he resolv'd to obtain, by the most horrid piece of treachery, that ever came into the mind of a person con-
 "summate

“summately wicked, what I had deni’d him with
“so much constancy.

“I have already told you that between his house
“and ours there was a door, seldom lock’d of
“either side. Having set a night wherein he thought
“to put his damnable design in execution, and
“staying till all, as well at our house as his, were
“asleep, he comes in at the door; open’d that of our
“house which was to the street, and going to our
“stable let loose all the horses, whereof there was
“a considerable number, and drove them into
“the court, whence they got into the street. The
“noise they made soon awaken’d those who had
“the care of them, and their bustling about the
“house awakened my husband. He was a great
“lover of Horses; and had no sooner heard that
“his own were gotten into the streets, but put-
“ting on his night-gown, he runs out after them,
“very much incens’d at his Grooms, and the Por-
“ter, for being so careless as not to make fast the
“great gate. *Don Lewis*, who had hid himself in
“the room next my chamber, and had seen my
“husband when he went out, slipp’d down into
“the court some time after him, and having made
“fast the street door, and expected some little
“while to avoid my suspicion had he come im-
“mediately upon me, he came at last and laid him-
“self down by me, acting the part of my husband
“in every thing so well, that it is not much to be
“wondred at, if I were mistaken in him. His
“standing so long in his shirt, had made him very
“cold; so that as he came into bed: Good Lord,
“sweet-

"sweet-heart, *said I to him*, how cold you are!
"How can I be otherwise, *repli'd he*, counter-
"feiting his voice; 'tis cold standing in the streets.
"And for your horses, *said I*, are they taken? My
"people are gone after them, *repli'd he*. And
"thereupon coming close to me, as it were to
"warm himself; amidst his embraces and kind-
"nesses, he had his design upon me, and dishonor'd
"his Brother. That Heaven was pleas'd to per-
"mit it, might haply be, that I should be a future
"instrument to punish so enormous a crime, that
"my honour might be re-establish'd by my self,
"and my innocence publickly acknowledg'd.

"Having done what he came for, he pretended
"to be much troubled about his horses; he got up
"from me, went and open'd the street door, and
"with-drew to his own lodgings: not a little ele-
"vated at the crime he had committed, and hug-
"ging himself haply in the reflection of what was
"to prove the occasion of his ruine. My husband
"comes in presently after, and having cast himself
"into bed, turn'd to me, frozen as he was, and
"oblig'd me by caresses, which I thought extra-
"ordinary, to beg of him, that he would let me
"sleep. He thought it very strange; I wondred much
"he should; and thereupon made no further doubt
"of my being betrai'd. The very thought of it
"would not suffer me to close my eyes till it was
"day. I got up much earlier than I was us'd to
"do. I went to Mass, and there met with *Don*
"*Lewis* dress'd as if he had been for some extra-
"ordinary entertainment, with a countenance as
"cheer-

“cheerful as mine was sad and dejected. He pre-
“sented me With holy Water; I receiv’d it
“with much indifference at his hands, which he
“observing, and looking on me with a malicious
“smile: Good Lord; Madam; *said he*, how cold
“you are? At these words, being the same I had
“said to him, and enough to satisfy me who was
“the Author of my misfortune, I grew pale, and
“immediately blush’d, upon thought that I had
“grown pale. He might have observ’d in my eyes,
“and by the disorder into which those words had
“put me, how highly I was offended at his in-
“solence. I went away without so much as look-
“ing on him. What distractions I was in all Mass-
“time, you may easily imagine; as also how infi-
“nitely my husband must needs be troubled, when
“he observ’d that all dinner time, and all day af-
“ter, I minded not what was said or done, and
“could not forbear sighing and discovering the
“disturbance of my mind, though I endeavour’d
“all I could to smother it. I withdrew to my
“chamber sooner than I was us’d to do, pre-
“tending to be somewhat indispos’d. I be-
“thought my self of a hundred several ways to be
“reveng’d; but at last my fury suggested one to
“me which I fix’d upon. When bed-time was come
“I went to bed at the same time with my Hus-
“band. I pretended to be asleep, to oblige him to
“do the like; and finding him fast enough, and
“confident all the servants were no less, I got up,
“took his dagger, and (besotted and blinded as I
“was by my passion) it prov’d nevertheless so sure
“2

"a guide to me, that through the same door, and
 "by the same way that my enemy got into my
 "bed, I got to the side of his. My fury, though
 "violent, made me not do any thing precipitately;
 "with the hand I had free I felt for his heart, and
 "when by the bearing thereof I had discover'd it,
 "the fear of missing my blow made not that hand
 "to tremble which held the Dagger; but, with all
 "the circumspection imaginable, I thrust it twice
 "into the heart of the detestable *Don Lewis*, and
 "so punish'd him with a gentler death than he had
 "deserv'd. And doubting those two might not do
 "my work, I gave him five or six stabs more, and
 "so return'd to my chamber, with a tranquillity;
 "whence I infer'd my self, that I had never
 "done any thing, from the doing whereof I
 "should derive greater satisfaction. I return'd
 "my husband's Dagger, all bloody as it was,
 "into the sheath; I put on my cloaths with as
 "much haste and as little noise as I could: I
 "took along with me what Jewels and Money I
 "had: and, no less distracted by my love than
 "troubled at what I had done, I left a husband
 "who lov'd me beyond his own life, to cast my
 "self upon the courtesie of a young man, who not
 "long before had sent me word that he had not
 "the least respect for me. The fearfulness incident
 "to my sex, was so strangely fortifi'd by the im-
 "petuous passions I was hurried withal: that,
 "all alone, and in the night time, I walked from
 "my own house to *Andrado's* lodgings, with as
 "much confidence, as if I had done a good action,

“ at noon day. I knock’d at the door, and was
“ answered, that *Andrado* was not within, being
“ engag’d at a Play at a friend’s not far off. His
“ servants who knew me, and were not a little sur-
“ priz’d to see me, entertain’d me with much re-
“ spect, and got me a fire in their Master’s cham-
“ ber. It was not long ere he came in himself, and
“ I believe it was the least of his thoughts to find
“ me waiting for him in his chamber. He no sooner
“ cast his eye on me, but betraying his astonishment
“ in the wildness of his looks: *Madam Eugenia*,
“ *said he*, what business hath brought you hi-
“ ther? What can you expect more from a per-
“ son, you would have sacrific’d to the jealousy of
“ a Brother-in-law you are desperately in love
“ with? Ah *Andrado*! repli’d I, do you make that
“ construction of an unavoidable accident, which
“ forc’d me to make submissions to that man
“ whom of all the world I was most afraid of being
“ oblig’d to? And should you pass so disadvan-
“ tageous a judgment on a person that hath given
“ you such extraordinary demonstrations of her
“ affection? I expected something else than re-
“ proaches at your hands. If I am guilty of any
“ crime, it is not against you that I have com-
“ mitted it, but against a Husband that should
“ have been dear to me; proving ungrateful to
“ him because I would not be so to you; and
“ forsaking him to come to a cruel man whose
“ entertainment of me is as unworthy as my
“ kindnesses to him are great. When your death,
“ which I thought really so, had put me into that
“ de-

"despair, wherein a woman, perpetually expecting
 "the minute of being surpriz'd by her husband.
 "might be; and when thereupon *Don Lewis* came
 "upon me in that deplorable condition, what
 "could I do less than trust my self to his genero-
 "sity and the love he had for me? He hath trea-
 "cherously made his advantages of the confidence,
 "to the loss of my honour; but 'tis my satisfaction,
 "that he hath bought his enjoyments with the
 "price of his life, which I have now taken away
 "from him; and that, my dear *Andrado*, is the
 "occasion of my coming hither. I must keep out
 "of the hands of Justice, till such time as it be
 "known, what crime *Don Lewis* is guilty of, and
 "what misfortune hath befallen me. I have many
 "and Jewels good store, upon which you may live
 "handsomely in any part of *Spain*, whither you
 "shall think fit to accompany my misfortune;
 "while Time shall make all the world sensible,
 "that I am much more to be pitied than blam'd,
 "and my future carriage satisfy you in particular,
 "that it was not without reason I did what I
 "have done. Very likely, *interrupted he*, you have
 "great Apologies to make for your self, and I shall
 "supply the place of *Don Lewis*, till thou art wea-
 "ry of me, and then be kill'd, as he was, to make
 "way for another. Ah Woman insatiably lustful!
 "*contin'd he*: What could I expect more than
 "this last wickedness of thine to be confirm'd in
 "the persuasion I had, that it was thy design to sa-
 "crifice me to thy Gallant? But thou must not
 "think to escape with bare reproaches, no, I will
 "rather

“rather be the Executioner to punish thy crime,
 “than be thy Complice in it.

With those words he violently tore off my cloaths, and, with a cruelty, which rais’d horreur even in his own servants, gave me a hundred blows, naked as I was, and having satiated his rage, till that he was grown weary, he thrust me out into the street, where if you had not fortunately lighted upon me, I should either have been dead, or in their hands who haply are searching after me.

Having given over speaking, she shew’d *Don Garcias* her arms all black and blew, as also her breast, and what other parts of her body civility permitted her to discover, which were in the same condition. Whereupon re-assuming her discourse: “Thus have you heard, generous *Don Garcias*, said she to him, the deplorable History of the unfortunate *Eugenia*. Let me beg your advice; if so “there be any for an inexpressibly-unhappy woman, that hath been the occasion of so many fatal accidents. Ah Madam, replies *Don Garcias*, “were it but as easie for me to advise you what is “to be done, as it will be to punish *Andrado*, if “you give me leave! Deny me not the honour to “be the Revenger of your quarrel; and be not shie “in employing upon any design you would have “to be undertaken, a person who is no less sensible “of your misfortune, than of the injury hath been “done you.

Don Garcias said this to her, with an earnestness, which satisfi’d *Eugenia*, that the Compassion was not so great as the Love he seem’d to have for her.

her. She made the most obliging acknowledgements of his kindnesſes which her civility and gratitude could inſpire her with : and further intreated him to take the pains to go once more to her houſe to be more particularly inform'd of what was ſaid concerning her departure and the death of *Don Lewis*.

He got thither, as they were carrying to priſon *Don Sancho*, his ſervants, and thoſe of *Don Lewis*, who had taken their oaths that their Maſter had been in love with *Eugenia*. The common-door, which was found open, and *Don Sancho's* dagger ſtill bloody, gave much ſuſpicion of his being guilty of his brother's death, whereof he was no leſs innocent than troubled at it. The ſudden departure of his wife, and her taking away her Jewels and mony, put him into ſuch an amazement, as out of which he could not recover himſelf, and troubled him more than his imprifonment and the proceedings of Juſtice againſt him. *Don Garcias* was in much impatience to give *Eugenia* an account of theſe things : but it ſo happened he could not do it ſo ſoon as he wiſh'd. Meeting in the ſtreet with a friend who had ſome buſineſs with him, he kept him a good while in diſcourſe not far from his own lodging : and, as unlucky fortune would have it, over againſt that of *Andrado*, whence he ſaw coming out a ſervant, booted, carrying a Port-mantue. He follow'd him at a diſtance accompani'd by his friend ; and having obſerv'd his going to the Poſt-houſe, he went in after him, and found him taking up three horſes, to be made ready within half an hour. *Don Garcias* ſuffer'd him to go

his ways, and bespoke the same number of horses to be ready at the same time. His friend ask'd him what he meant to do with them? he promis'd to tell him if he would go along with him: where-to the other consented, without troubling himself any further what his design might be. *Don Garcias* entreated him to go and put on his Boots, and expect him at the Post-house, while he took a turn to his lodging.

They thereupon parted, and *Don Garcias* went to *Eugenia*, to acquaint her with what he knew of her affairs, and to give his Landlady, a woman that might safely be trusted with a secret of that importance, order to get *Eugenia* cloaths and all things necessary, that she might be convey'd that very night into a Convent, whereof the Abbess was her kinswoman and very much her friend. Having so done, he whisper'd his Lacquey in the ear, and bid him carry to that friend's lodging whom he a little before parted with, his riding suit and boots: and having entreated his Landlady to be very careful of *Eugenia*, and to keep her from the sight of all people, he went to his friend, and soon after along with him to the Post-house, where they had not been long ere *Andrado* came also. *Don Garcias* ask'd him which way he travell'd? he made answer, to *Sevil*. Then one Post-boy will serve us both, says *Don Garcias* to him. *Andrado* was content, and haply look'd on *Don Garcias* and his friend, no otherwise than as two simple Cullies, whose mony he thought so far due to him, as that he would not have given much to ensure it. They
left

left *Vailladolid* all together, and rode on a good while not thinking of any thing but riding, there being indeed but little conversation between people that ride Post. At last coming into a *Champion* far from any Houses, *Don Garcias* thought it a place fit for his Design. He rid a little before, and turning about of a sudden, he bid *Andrado* stand. *Andrado* asked him his meaning. "My intentions are, replied *Don Garcias*, to fight with you; to revenge, if I can, the quarrel of *Eugenia*, whom you have injur'd beyond all hope of forgiveness, in treating her after the basest and most unworthy manner, that could possibly fall into the imagination of a person of quality. I am not sorry for what I have done, replies *Andrado* with much confidence, not seeming to be in the least surpriz'd at the accident; but you may haply repent your forwardness to do what you are now engag'd in. He was a person that had Valour; he alighted at the same time with *Don Garcias*, there having no more words pass'd between them; and they had their Swords ready to fall on: when *Don Garcias's* Friend tells them, they should not fight without him, and profer'd to measure his Weapon with *Andrado's* man, who was a fellow whom his countenance and proportion would not have betray'd for a Coward. *Andrado* protested, that though he had to his Second the greatest Gladiator in all *Spain*, he would not fight otherwise than singly one to one. His man not much minding the protestation of his Master, protested for his own part, that he would not fight with

with any man upon any terms at all. So that *Don Garcias's* Friend was forc'd to be onely a Spectator, or God-father to the Combatants, which is no new thing in *Spain*. The Duel lasted not long: Heaven was pleas'd to favour the just Cause *Don Garcias* was engag'd in, so far, as that his Adversary making at him with greater violence than skill, run upon his Weapon, and fell at his feet with loss of blood and life. *Andrado's* man, and the Post-boy, as fearful one as the other, cast themselves at *Don Garcias's* feet, who intended them not any hurt. He commanded *Andrado's* man to open the Portmantue, and to take out of it all his Master had taken from *Eugenia*. He immediately obey'd, and deliver'd to *Don Garcias*, a Mantle, a Gown, and Coat, all very rich, and a little Cabinet, whereof the weight discover'd it was not empty. The fellow found the Key of it in his Master's Pocket, and gave it *Don Garcias*, who thereupon dismissing him, told him he might dispose of his Master's body as he pleas'd, and threatened he would be the death of him, if ever he were seen at *Vailladolid*. He commanded the Post-boy not to come into the City till after night, and promis'd him he should find at the Post-house the two Horses he and his Friend had taken up. I am apt to believe he was punctually obey'd by these two persons: who thought themselves very much oblig'd to him, that he had not kill'd them as he had done *Andrado*. It was never heard what his man did with his body; and for his cloaths, and what else he had, there is but too much probability,

bability, he became Master thereof. Nor was it ever known how the Post-boy behav'd himself in the business.

Don Garcias and his Friend made all the speed they could to *Vailladolid*. They alighted at an Embassadours of the Emperour, where they had Friends, and continued there till after night. *Don Garcias* sent for his man, who told him that *Eugenia* was much troubled she could not see him. The Horses were sent to the Post-house by an unknown person, who having deliver'd them to one that belong'd to the Stable, immediately slunk away. There was no more talk in *Vailladolid* of the death of *Andrado* than as of a thing which it was uncertain whether it were so or not; or if any spoke of him, 'twas onely as of a Gentleman kill'd by some secret Enemy, or by High-way-men. *Don Garcias* went to his Lodging, where he found *Eugenia* put into such cloaths as his Landlady had provided for her; such I believe as were taken up at the Brokers; for in *Spain* persons of very good quality think it no disparagement to take up cloaths, and to furnish their Houses that way, no more than other people of less account. He secretly return'd *Eugenia* her own Cloaths and Jewels, and gave her an account after what manner he was reveng'd of *Andrado*. The Relation he made to her wrought in her a compassion for the unfortunate end of a person whom she had dearly lov'd; and, the thought of her being the occasion of so many Tragical accidents, causing in her no less affliction than the remembrance of her own misfortunes,

fortunes, she fell a weeping as bitterly as at any time before.

But what added not a little to her affliction, was, that Proclamation had been made that day all over *Vailladolid*, prohibiting all persons to entertain *Eugenia*, and that whoever brought tidings of her should have two hundred Crowns. This made her resolve to get into a Convent so soon as she could. She pass'd away that night in *Don Garcias's* Chamber with as little tranquillity as the precedent. The next morning at break of day he went to that Superiour of the Convent, who was a Kinswoman of *Eugenia's*: who, notwithstanding the Proclamation, promis'd to receive her, and to keep her undiscover'd as much as lay in her power. Having left her, he went and took up a Coach, and order'd it to wait for him at a place not much frequented near his Lodging, whither he conducted *Eugenia*, accompanied by his Landlady. The Coach brought them to a place they had appointed the Coach-man to stop at, where they alighted, that he might have no knowledge of the Convent, whither *Eugenia* was to retire. She was kindly entertain'd by her Kinswoman; *Don Garcias's* Landlady took leave of her, and went to inform her self what posture the affairs of *Don Sancho* were in. She understood it went hard with him, and that there was some talk of putting him to the Rack. *Don Garcias* gave an account of all passages to *Eugenia*, who was so troubled to see her Husband in danger to suffer for a crime he had not committed, that she took a resolution to cast her

her self into the hands of Justice. *Don Garcias* persuaded her to forbear a while, and advis'd her rather to write to the Judge, to acquaint him that she onely could give an account of the murther of *Don Lewis*. The Judge, by good fortune chanc'd to be of some Kin to her, came to speak with her, together with others that were to be his Assistants in the trial of *Don Sancho*. *Eugenia* confess'd that she had kill'd *Don Lewis*: gave them a particular relation of the just motive she had to engage her self in an action that seem'd so violent in a Woman, omitting nothing of what had pass'd between *Don Lewis* and her self; what concern'd the love of *Andrado*, onely excepted. Her confession was written down, and a report thereof was made to his Catholick Majesty; who, taking into consideration the greatness of *Don Lewis's* crime, the just resentment of *Eugenia*, her courage and procedure thereupon, the innocence of *Don Sancho* and his Servants, set them at liberty; and, upon the intreaties of the whole Court mediating on her behalf, granted *Eugenia* her pardon. Her Husband was not displeas'd at her for the death of his Brother, and, it may be, lov'd her the better for what she had done. He went to see her as soon as he got out of Prison, and us'd all the entreaties and persuasions he could to get her home again; but all prov'd ineffectual. She doubted not but that he had conceiv'd such a resentment for the death of *Don Lewis* as he ought to have done; that he had made some discoveries of what had pass'd between her and the Portugueze; and thence concluded,

that

that the least suspicion a Woman gives in point of honour may soon be heightened into a jealousy in the apprehensions of a Husband, and will sooner or later dissolve the strictest ties of conjugal Love.

While things stood thus, poor *Don Sancho* visited her often : and, by the tenderest demonstrations of an excessive Love, endeavour'd to get her out of the Convent, to be once more the absolute Mistress of his estate and himself. But she on the other side continu'd constant to her resolution. She got him to allow her a Pension proportionable to her quality, and the fortune she brought ; and, abating only her obstinacy in denying to live with him, she behav'd her self so obligingly towards that kind Husband, that he had all the reason in the world to be satisfi'd with her.

But all she did in the Convent to please and humour him, heightened the regret he conceiv'd that he could not get her thence. He at last took it so much to heart that it brought him into a Sickness, and that sickness prov'd such, as more than threaten'd the shortning of his days. He sent to *Eugenia*, begging the satisfaction to see her once at his House before he took his final leave of her. She could not deny that fatal kindness to a Husband that had been so dear to her, and whose affection towards her was then no less violent than it had ever been. She went to see him expire, and had almost, out of very grief, died with him, seeing him discover no less satisfaction that he had had but a sight of her, than if she had restor'd him

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the Life he was upon the point to quit : Nor did this goodness of *Eugenia* go unrewarded ; he left her his whole Estate, and consequently, one of the most beautiful and richest Widdows in *Spain*, after her so near being one of the most unfortunate Women in the World. The affliction she conceiv'd at the death of her Husband, was great, and not personated : She gave order for his Funeral Solemnities, possess'd her self of his Estate, and return'd to her Convent, resolv'd to spend the remainder of her Life there. Her Friends propos'd to her the best matches in all *Spain* : She preferr'd her own quiet before their ambition, and troubled no less at their importunate remonstrances than persecuted with the addresses of no small number of Pretenders, which her Beauty and Wealth drew daily to the outer-room of the Convent where she was ; She at last would not be seen, nor speak with any but *Don Garcias*. This young Gentleman had done her so seasonable a service, in an emergency so important, and with such earnestness, that she could not see him, without bethinking her self, that she ought him somewhat beyond civilities and acknowledgements. She had observ'd by his Retinue and Equipage, that he was not rich, and she was generous enough to proffer him the assistances which a necessitous person may without shame receive from another that is more wealthy : but in that small time she had spent in his Lodging, and by the frequent discourses he had with her, he had discovered a Noble soul elevated above the common, and absolutely dis-engag'd from all manner

manner of Interests, those only of honour excepted. This rais'd a fear in her he might take it unkindly, if she made him a Present not suitable to the greatness of her estate and mind ; and she was afraid, on the other side, he should think her wanting in point of gratitude, if she made not some discoveries of her liberality.

But if her thoughts were in this distraction for *Don Garcias*, his were in no less, as to what concern'd her. He was insensibly fallen in love with her ; but though the respect he had for her, and the lowness of his Fortunes should not have deterr'd him from making any such proposal ; what presumption would it have been in him to speak of love to a Woman, whom onely Love had expos'd to so great misfortunes ? and that while the sadness of her countenance, and her frequent weeping, argu'd her soul too full of grief to be capable of any other passion.

Among those who visited *Eugenia*, as her most humble Slaves, with design to become afterwards her Masters, and those not easie to please, among those, I mean, who made their addresses to her, and whom she shook off with absolute denial, one *Don. Diego* was remarkable for his obstinacy, as having not any thing else in him worth notice. He was as arrant a Coxcomb, as it was possible a young man could be ; and, what is consequent to that, fantastick, and, what to that, insufferably humourfome. Besides all this, the imperfections of his body were suitable to those of his mind ; and as to the goods of fortune, he was as poor, as greedy

greedy of them : but descending out of one of the best Houses in *Spain*, and being of near Kin to one of the principal Ministers of State, which onely made him so much the more insolent, there was a certain compliance had for him where ever he came, upon the account of his quality, though it had not the least recommendation of any thing of worth.

This same *Don Diego*, such as I have described him, thought he had found in *Eugenia*, all he could have wished in a Wife, and imagin'd it no hard matter to obtain her, by the assistances of his Friends at Court, whose encouragements put him into great hopes of it. But *Eugenia* was not so easily persuaded to a business of that importance, as they had flattered themselves she would have been, and the Court would not, to favour a private person, do a violence that should be of ill example to the publick. *Eugenia's* retiring into a Convent, her resolution to continue there, her avoiding of all visits, and the backwardness of those who had encourag'd *Don Diego* in his applications to her, blasted the hopes he had conceiv'd of obtaining her without trouble. He therefore resolv'd to force the Convent, and to carry her away, an attempt the most highly criminal in *Spain*, and such as wherein onely an extravagant fool, such as he was, would engage himself in. He found, for money, people as mad as himself; he gave order for the laying of Horses at several places between *Vailladolid* and a certain Sea-port, where a Vessel was to expect him ready to set Sail.

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He

He forc'd the Convent ; carried away *Eugenia* ; and that unfortunate Lady was to become the prey of the most worthless person in the World, if Heaven had not strangely reliev'd her, when she least look'd for it. One single person, who, upon the cries of *Eugenia*, met the Ravishers, forc'd them to a sudden halt, and charg'd with so much valour, that, upon the first meeting, he wounded *Don Diego* and divers of his Complices, and kept them in action till the Citizens making head, and seconded by the Officers of publick Justice, had reduc'd *Don Diego* and his party to those extremities, that they must either be kill'd or taken.

Thus was *Eugenia* rescu'd ; but before she would be conducted back to her Convent, she would needs know who that gallant Person was, who had so generously expos'd his Life to serve her. He was found, wounded in several places, and, through loss of abundance of blood, in a manner Dead. *Eugenia* desir'd to see him, and had no sooner cast her eyes on his countenance, but she knew him to be *Don Garcias*. Her compassion was great as her astonishment, and she made such passionate discoveries thereof as might have been interpreted to her disadvantage, if there had not been otherwise a just ground of her affliction. She prevail'd so far, with much intreaty, as that they would not carry to Prison her generous Reliever, whom *Don Diego* expiring, and his complices, acknowledged not to be of their party, but the person who had oppos'd their design. He was carried to the next House, which by good fortune happen'd

to be that which had some time been *Don Sancho's* was now *Eugenia's*, and where she had left all her Household-stuff and some Servants. He was recommended to the care of the best Surgeons of both Court and City. *Eugenia* return'd into the Convent, and the next day was forc'd to leave it, and come to her own House, upon the publishing of a Proclamation, that no secular persons should be entertain'd into Nunneries. The next day *Don Diego* dyes, and his Friends had much ado to hinder a Trial to pass upon him, though Dead: but his Complices were punish'd according to their deserts. *Eugenia* in the mean time was almost out of her self to see so little hopes of *Don Garcias's* recovery; she implor'd the assistances of Heaven; She profer'd the Surgeons to reward them beyond what they would have ask'd her; but their Art was at a loss, and all their hope was in God and the Youthful constitution of the sick person. *Eugenia* stirr'd not from his Bed-side, and her attendances on him day and night were so assiduous, that they might at last have reduc'd her to a necessity of having others besides her self. She often heard him pronounce her name in the transportations of his Fever, and among things incoherent, which his distracted imagination made him speak, he was often heard talking of Love, and discoursing with himself, as one that were fighting or quarrelling. At last, Nature, fortifi'd by remedies, overcame the violence of his disease; his Fever remitted; his wounds appeared in a better condition; and the Surgeons assur'd

Eugenia of his recovery, provided no other accident happen'd to him. She made them very great presents, and caused him to be pray'd for, in all the Churches of *Vailladolid*. Then was it that *Don Garcias* understood from *Eugenia*, that it was she whom he had rescu'd, and she was told by him how it came to pass, that he happened to relieve her so seasonably, being upon his return into the City after he had been to see a friend of his out of Town. She could not, even in his presence, forbear acknowledging how highly she thought her self oblig'd to him; and he could as little smother the extraordinary satisfaction he conceiv'd to have done her so considerable a service; but there was yet another thing of greater importance he had to acquaint her withal.

One day, she being alone with him, and intreating him not to suffer her to be any longer ungrateful, but to make use of her in something of consequence, he took that opportunity to discover to her the true sentiments he had for her. The very thought of what he was about to do, made him sigh; he grew pale; and the disturbance of his mind was so visible in his countenance, that *Eugenia* was afraid he was in some great torment. She ask'd him what posture his Wounds were in.

" Ah Madam! repli'd he, my wounds are not my
 " greatest affliction. What is it then that troubles
 " you, said she to him much frightned. A misfor-
 " tune, says he, incapable of any remedy. It was
 " indeed, replies *Eugenia*, a great misfortune to
 " be so dangerously Wounded for a person you
 " neither

“neither knew, nor deserv’d you should hazard
 “your Life for her ; but this is not beyond remedy,
 “since your Surgeons doubt not but you will soon
 “recover it. And that is it I am to complain of,
 “cries *Don Garcias* : Had I lost my Life in your
 “service, *continued he*, I had brought it to a glo-
 “rious period, whereas I must now live against my
 “will, and be a long time the most unfortunate
 “man in the world. Being a person so excellently
 “qualifi’d as you are, I think you not so unfortu-
 “nate as you would make your self, *replies En-*
 “*genia*. How Madam, *said he*, do you not ac-
 “count that man unfortunate, who being satisfi’d
 “of your worth, having a greater esteem for you
 “than any other whatever, loving you beyond
 “his own Life, must nevertheless come short of
 “deserving you, though Fortune should prove
 “as indulgent to him as she hath ever been ma-
 “licious ? You strangely surprize me, *said she*
 “*blushing* : but the obligations you have cast upon
 “me, give you a privilege , which, in the con-
 “dition I am in, I should not grant any other. I
 “pray you above all things endeavour your own
 “recovery, and assure your self, your misfortunes
 “shall not continue long, when it shall come
 “into the power of *Eugenia* to put a period there-
 “to.

She staid not to hear what Reply he would make,
 and by that means spared him abundance of com-
 plements, which haply he would but poorly have
 acquitted himself of, because he would have over-
 strain’d himself to make them very good ones.
 She

She call'd those Servants of hers who were to attend him, and went out of the room just as the Surgeons were coming in to visit him. The satisfaction of the mind is the sovereign remedy to recover a sick body. *Don Garcias* deriv'd such hopes of the advancement of his Love, from what *Eugenia* had said to him, that his soul, which before, as that of a Lover without hope, was oppress'd with sadness, dilated it self for the entertainment of joy, and that joy contributed more to his recovery than all the remedies of Chirurgery. He came to perfect health. He out of civility went from *Eugenia's* house, but carried with him, and continu'd, the pretensions he had to her affection. She had promis'd to love him, provided he made no publick discoveries thereof, and it may be she lov'd him no less than he lov'd her: but having so lately lost a Husband, and been engag'd in adventures, which had made her the Table-talk of all Companies in Court and City, she thought it no prudence so soon to expose her self to rash censures, by running upon a marriage with too much precipitation. At last *Don Garcias*, by the excess of his merit and constancy, overcame all these difficulties. He was, as to his person, so accomplish'd, as might make a Rival run mad to think on't. He was a younger Brother of one of the best Houses of *Arragon*, and though he had done no great things in the Wars, he might justly, from the long services his Father had done *Spain*, derive some hopes of a recompence from the Court, as advantageous as honourable. *Eugenia* could

could no longer hold out against so many excellent qualities, nor be longer oblig'd to him for all he had done and suffered upon her account. She was married to him. Court and City approved her choice ; and that she might not have the least occasion to repent her of it, it happened, that, not long after their marriage, the King of *Spain* bestowed on *Don Garcias* one of the Commanderies of *St. James*. Another thing which had already happened, was, that he had satisfied his dear *Eugenia* the very first night of their marriage, that he was much another Bed-fellow than *Don Sancho*, and that she had found in him, what she would not have met with in the Portuguese *Andrado*. Children they had many, because they took more than ordinary pains to get them ; and the History of their Loves and Adventures is to this day related at *Vailladolid*, not only among those that knew them, but to Strangers who occasionally Travel that way. For my part , I travelled not thither for it, but finding it Printed, made no doubt of the Truth of it, and expect the same confidence in those who shall receive it from me.

FINIS.

...had done and ... upon ...
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